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The Road to Alma Mater

The Norther

Northern Illinois
State Teachers College

De Kalb, Illinois

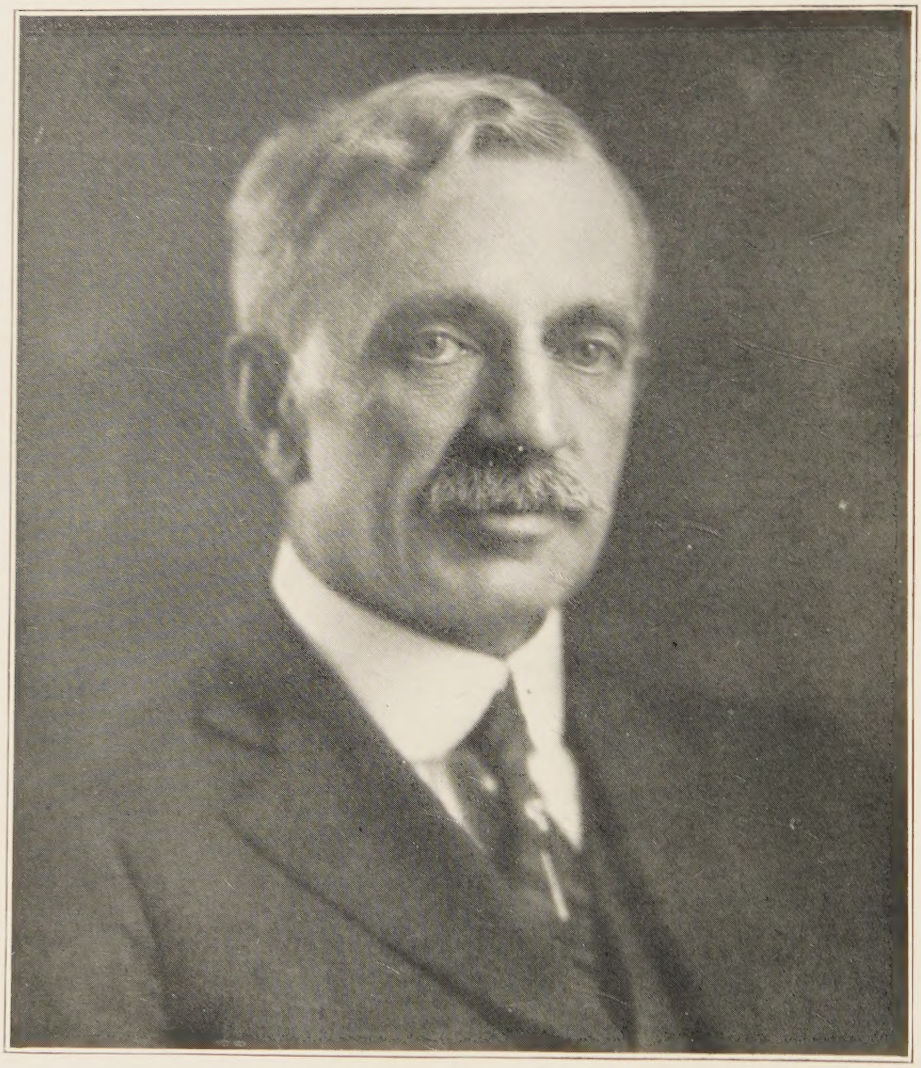
A Record of the
School Year

Published By

the

Sophomore Class

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Seven



To

Edward Carlton Page

we, the Sophomore Class of 1927, respectfully dedicate this book in appreciation of his work with our class, as with the many classes throughout the years; and of his help and interest in our undertakings.

THE
NORTHER
BOARD

Norther Board Members

Faith Hanstine ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Harold Norton ..... *Business Manager*
Helen Stegmeier ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
John Rolfe ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
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Paul Ryan ..... *Fibune Editor*
Van Wilder Joslin ..... *Assistant Fibune Editor*
Ruth Anderson ..... *Snap Editor*

The Legend of the Cover Lady

Long ago, so runs the story,
In the land of ice and snow,
In the cold and frozen Northland,
Dwelt the frosty bearded Winter
With his young and fair-haired bride.
From the far, green, rolling prairies
He had brought her, backward turning,
Set her in his mountain palace,
On the bleak and wind-swept ice-crags,
There to cheer him with her beauty.
Then he touched the world with magic,
Painted all the hills with silver;
Built the icebergs for her fancy,
Fleckled them with sunset glories,
Sent them sailing down the rivers.
Yet her eyes looked out the windows,
Seeing not the rose-tipped icebergs;
Past the silver gilded hilltops
To the far, green, rolling praries.
Went her heart back to her homeland.

In an ivy-girded castle,
On the banks of the Kishwaukee,
Lived a young and handsome griffin,
And he loved the fair Oala,
Loved the bride of the old Winter.
With the northern breeze returning,
Came the lilt of woodland rivers.
Crystal songs of silver cadence,
Drew her from her storm-lashed palace,
From the drear and lonely mountain
To the valleys of her homeland.

There upon the river's edges,
On the banks of the Kishwaukee,
Danced the griffin and Oala;
All the night they danced together,
In and out among the shadows,
Through the quivering, young shadows.
There the hoary Winter found them
Standing silent in the dawning;
Apple blossoms sifting downward,
Falling softly on her blown hair,
Nestled in the goldness of it
As the lovebird in the sunlight.

Very angry was the Winter
In the stillness of the forest,
While the soughing of low branches,
Nodding to the passing breezes,
Seemed to rasp across his heart strings,
Whispering only songs of vengeance.
So he changed to stone the griffin,
Set him on his castle towers
With his griffins all about him;
Set an owl to guard him always,
Bade him never dance again.
Still he loved the fair Oalo,
Loved her for her gold-haired beauty,
Longed to look upon her ever.
So he set her in the heavens,
There to live again each evening.
Round she rises from the water,
Treading lightly on the cloud-banks,
'Till she shines above the valleys,
Flecks and shades the silent homeland.
O'er the griffin's changeless figure
Every night she trails her fingers,
Rocking high above the castle,
High above the still Kishwaukee,
And the far, green, rolling prairies.

—Ruth Stone

Table of Contents

Book One: School

Chapter 1 — Campus
Chapter 2 — Faculty
Chapter 3 — Sophomores
Chapter 4 — Senior College
Chapter 5 — Underclassmen

Book Two: Organizations

Chapter 6 — Educational
Chapter 7 — Musical
Chapter 8 — Social
Chapter 9 — Athletic
Chapter 10 — Alumni

Book Three: Activities

Chapter 11 — Men's Athletics
Chapter 12 — Women's Athletics
Chapter 13 — Social Functions

Book Four: Features

Chapter 14 — Literary
Chapter 15 — Calendar
Chapter 16 — Fibune

BOOK ONE

Normal School Board

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS

A. M. Shelton, Director of Registration and Education, Springfield, *Chairman*

Francis G. Blair, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Springfield, *Secretary*

APPOINTED MEMBERS

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Charles L. Capen ..... Bloomington
E. E. Cole ..... Chicago
J. B. Loebner ..... Chicago
Mrs. M. K. Northam ..... Evanston
E. B. Still ..... DeKalb
Elmer T. Walker ..... Macomb

J. Stanley Brown
Our President and Friend

Before our class goes on
We'd like to have you know
We'll take some pleasant mem'ries
Wherever we may go.
We thank you for your share
In making these years glad—
We're going to leave a-smiling
Though we're just a wee bit sad.

When You Call Us Back Again

Oh, wherever we are roaming, yet our hearts will come a-homing
To the ivy-towered castle on the hill;
Though new scenes may be the clearer, old ones will be the dearer,
And we'll dream of our Alma Mater still.
But however far we wander in the world that's waiting yonder,
We'll remember every shaded nook and lane;
We'll return once more to ramble through their flowered bush and bramble,
Alma Mater, when you call us back again.

—Ruth Stone

Chapter 1: Campus

Hand in hand two lovers slowly go
Along the path to bid a fond farewell
To trysting places they no more will know
And shaded haunts where they were wont to dwell.
Their hearts once light are heavy—nevermore
Will they stroll the woodland or walk upon the grassy shore.

Alma Mater fair 'mid opening buds of Springtime.

When the lake o'erflown reflects thy towers and turrets.

When the air is sweet with balmy breezes laden.

Alma Mater 'lone 'mid frost and snow of winter

When the lake, iced o'er reflects no more thy beauty.

Our New Buildings

The realization of the men's Industrial Arts building, which with the new gymnasium building is an addition to the N. I. S. T. C. that will soon crystallize into actuality, is indicative of the increasing emphasis the modern junior and senior high schools are placing on the value of vocational training. Furthermore, it will not only satisfy a real need, long felt in our college, but it will also serve as an additional attraction for prospective students.

The building proper has been designed with a lavish regard for the future expansion and elaboration of the Industrial Arts Department. In addition to a large, well lighted drafting room, an extensive print-shop, a splendid wood-working shop, and several recitation classrooms, provisions have been made for a room for instruction in radio or in the arts of metalcraft and hand-wrought jewelry, and a room, in the basement floor, for instruction in auto mechanics.

The new gymnasium, with floor space a hundred feet square and bleacher accomodations for one thousand spectators, will possess none of the suggestion of oppressiveness that is sometimes sensed in our present gymnasium. Instead of a low ceiling and heavy beams that seem, psychologically, antipathic to full freedom in basket-throwing and are, in reality, disadvantageously located, we shall have a high, airy, ceiling and lightly constructed roof trusses so placed that their obstructiveness to highly arched ball passing and basket shooting is minimized. The service section of the building will have, in addition to the customary dressing, locker, and shower rooms, equipment for the drying and laundering of uniforms, a physical examination room, a class recitation room, and several handball courts. If the future athletic teams of the N. I. S. T. C. will be of a calibre comparable to that which has characterized our teams of the recent past they will find in the new gymnasium building equipment that is fully worthy of their excellence.

The new buildings, which will be so located that their axes lie parallel to each other, will form, with the main building and the training school building, a "quad" arrangement about the level square of green directly south of the training school entrance. An admirable feature of these structures is that they will lend to the college group at least a partial uniformity and harmony of architectural effect. Considered separately, the present buildings are indeed well designed and pleasingly rendered; but, considered as units of a group, they present a heterogeneous admixture of Norman Gothic, Germanic, and quasi-classic influences. The new buildings will be closely patterned after the excellent exterior style incorporated in the present training school building. Unfortunately, when viewed from the south, the building group will then appear in three color areas: brilliant yellow, cold dignified gray, and soft red. On the other hand, this disharmony will not be apparent when the building group is approached from the east. Now, we may feel reasonably sure that all new buildings the institution may acquire in the remote future will incorporate the same architectural style that is common to the industrial arts, the gymnasium, and the training school buildings. Since, however, the main building will ever enjoy the prominence of a superior site elevation, we need harbor no fear that N. I. S. T. C. will suffer the loss of the characteristic by which we like to identify it: The Castle on the Hill.

—Harold Ohlson

How majestic and how grand, snowbound meadow in command

Chapter 2: Faculty

You will forget us, we who stay
A year or so and then go on again;
But you, our teachers, have found a way
Into our hearts where you will e'er remain.
The worthy deeds we do in other places
Will be from worthy lives that leave their traces.

College Faculty

J. Stanley Brown, A. B., LL. D.
President

F. R. Ritzman
Director of Education and Training Schools

A. Neil Annas, B. S.
Director of Music and Dean of Men

Valene Badgley
Assistant Librarian

Edith Bond, A. B.
Director of Physical Education for Women

Fred Carlson, B. E.
Professor of Geography

Roland A. Cowell, S. B.
Director of Physical Education for Men and Athletic Coach

EDWARD F. EDEL
Professor of Penmanship

RUSSELL G. GAGE, B. E.
Assistant Professor of English

WILLIAM C. GOULD, A. B., A. M.
Head Professor of Geography

PAUL HARRISON, B. E.
Assistant Professor of Industrial Arts

M. C. HAYES, A. B., A. M., PH. D.
Assistant Professor of Education and Psychology

JULIA B. HENSEL, A. B., A. M.
Professor of Education and Dean of Women

HELEN HUBBARD, A. B., A. M.
Assistant Professor of History

MABEL J. HUPPRICH, B. S.

Assistant Director of Physical Education for Women

IRA J. JENKS, A. B., S. M.

Assistant Professor of Physical Science

CLYDE L. LYON, A. B.

Professor of Reading and Oral Expression

EVA MCMAHON, B. L. S.

Librarian

JESSIE R. MANN, S. B.

Assistant Professor of Biology

L. EVELINE MERRITT

Head Professor of Fine Arts

HELEN MESSENGER, A. B., A. M.

Professor of Education

C. E. Montgomery, m. s.
Head Professor of Biology

Edna L. Nash, a. b.
Professor of Geography

Celine Neptune, a. b.
Head Professor of Home Economics

Milo T. Oakland
Head Professor of Industrial Arts

Edward C. Page, a. b.
Head Professor of Social Science

Anna Parmelee
Professor of Mathematics

Swen F. Parson
Head Professor of Mathematics

HOWARD PAYNE
Instructor in Violin and Cello

O. E. PETERSON, A. M., PH. M.
Head Professor of Education and Psychology

C. FRANK PHIPPS, S. B., S. M.
Head Professor of Physical Science

JENNIE ROBERTS, S. B.
Assistant Professor of Fine Arts

IDA S. SIMONSON, B. L.
Head Professor of English

B. MAE SMALL, A. B.
Assistant Professor of English

NORMA STELFORD, S. B.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

WILLIAM B. STORM, PH. B.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

HAZEL STRAHAN, PH. B.
Assistant Professor of Home Economics

GEORGE TERWILLIGER, B. E.
Assistant Professor of Biology

EFFIE J. WHEELER, A. B., A. M.
Assistant Professor of English

MARY R. WHITMAN, A. B.
Professor of Foreign Languages

MILO L. WHITTAKER, A. B., A. M.
Professor of Economics and Sociology

VERA WISWALL, A. B., MUS. B.
Professor of Music

ALLAN T. WRIGHT, A. B., A. M.
Professor of English

NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL

OTTO GABEL, PH. B., A. M.
Principal

BERTHA BELLIS, A. B., A. M.
Eighth Grade Critic

TILLIE C. BAIE
Seventh Grade Critic

BENA PETERSON, PH. B.
Sixth Grade Critic

BERTHA HUNTSMAN
Fifth Grade Critic

ETHEL SHATTUCK
Fourth Grade Critic

LEONORA RILEY
Second Grade Critic

MABEL N. MYERS
First Grade Critic

GLIDDEN TRAINING SCHOOL

CARL LITTLEJOHN
Principal

JOHN MONTGOMERY
Eighth Grade Critic

AGNES TAGUE
Seventh Grade Critic

MOLLIE DUFFY, B. S.
Sixth Grade Critic

EVA M. MCKEAN
Fifth Grade Critic

LOUISE BRISTOW
Fourth Grade Critic

MARY FITCH
Third Grade Critic

BONNIE BELL, A. B.
Second Grade Critic

E. LOUISE ADAMS, S. B.
First Grade Critic

EDNA TAZEWELL
Critic Ungraded

MAUDE NICHOLSON
Supervisor of Music

JAMES A. CLARK
Chief Engineer

ELVIRA E. CRAYS
Matron of Williston Hall

OLIVE S. JOHNSON
Bookkeeper

NORMA C. PEARSON, S. B.
Secretary to President

WILLIAM SWINBANK
Superintendent of Grounds

FACULTY (NO PICTURES)

MILDRED MCCORMICK, MUS. B.
Assistant Professor of Music

KATHARINE NEPTUNE, B. S.
Assistant Librarian

HILMA ROSS
Third Grade Critic
Normal Training School

ZIEGNER SWANSON
Instructor in Band Instruments

To Miss Parmelee

We shall miss you greatly. We shall miss your broad sympathy and understanding, your interest in our lives as well as in our class work. We shall miss you in the room that you have made glad with your presence. How often you have brought to it the first flowers of spring and the last asters of autumn, or shared with it your roses and your Christmas holly. We shall miss your kindly humor and sparkling repartee at our gatherings. The school will miss your clear thinking and your steady loyalty. It has never been without these, for you were a "Pioneer" and helped to set its character and establish its ideals. Most of all will the Alumni miss you when they "come back" and look wistfully for the familiar among the new and strange.

We thank you, Miss Parmelee, for your interest in us, your students; for your endless patience with our dullness and the many extra hours that you have given to help us "pass." But we thank you most of all for the things not set down in the texts that you have taught us.

The Class of 1927 claims you as its own, for you and we are going out together. May we come back together for many happy times at our dear Castle on the Hill.

Chapter 3: Sophomores

We shall go out into the world today
With all the visions you have given us:
With high ideals in our work and play;
With treasures stored where they will never rust.
As you have taught us now, so may we stand
Through many years, dauntless and unafraid, in any clime or land.

Class Song

As the birds in passing shadow
In our lake, serene and cool,
So our thoughts, dear Alma Mater,
Are held in memories of our school.
Shining there are friends and comrades,
Loyal, loving, trusting, gay;
Shining there the stalwart towers
On this glad achievement day.

REFRAIN:

Singing as we forward look
To the days that are to be;
Sighing as we backward glance
To the days we spent with thee.

Shining there are lake and forest,
Wind-blown cloud and graceful tree;
Shining days of work and pleasure
Framed in beauty's majesty.
Thy most precious gift of knowledge
Out upon life's highway leads
As we hear thee say, "Go forward
Into days of dreams and deeds."

REFRAIN:

—FRANCES FORSTER

Alice Mildred Mansfield

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

For us who knew her there is left a memory of a lovable personality—of kind thoughts and deeds, of fine ideals followed without reluctance, of wholesome, jolly ways, and a spirit of true friendship.

—Theodora De Young

Sophomore Officers

VERNON ALTENDERFER *"Red"*

Dixon, Illinois

Soph. Pres.; Football '26; Varsity Club.

On the gridiron, in all the school activities, as President of the Sophomore class, "Red" has proved to be what we all admire, a persevering fellow, bound to succeed.

RUTH ANDERSON *"Ruthie"*

Park Ridge, Illinois

Annual Staff; Soph. Sec.; Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A. Council; Sweater; Basketball team '26, '27; Hockey team '25, '26, Captain.

Smiles, curly yellow hair, pep —Ruth is a good student and a leader in school activities.

HELEN GREGG *"Gregie"*

Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Treble Clef; W. A. A. '26; Y. W. C. A.; Soph. Vice-President '27.

Here's to the girl with the charming personality, and that is 'nough said.

CHARLES ROUNDY *"Turk"*

West Chicago, Illinois

Soph. Treas.; Varsity, Vice-President; Football '25, '26; Baseball '26, '27.

On the football field he's a whiz. Last year we thought "Turk" was bashful, but those days are gone forever.

ABLEMAN, CHARLOTTE *"Chots"*
Poplar Grove, Illinois

Charlotte is a good mixer and has been the friend of many at N. I. "I like to dance, and my ambition is to be a kindergarten teacher," says Charlotte.

AGNEW, GENE MAE
Galt, Illinois

Fun is the essential word in Gene's vocabulary. Gene's popularity is perhaps due to her fun loving nature.

ALBERTS, MARGARET *"Peg"*
Danville, Illinois

One might think "Peg" very serious-minded, but her smile is worth waiting for.

ALDERMAN, DOROTHY *"Dot"*
Belvidere, Illinois

W. A. A. Secretary-Sweater; Y. W. C. A.; Hockey Team '25, '26; Basketball Team '26, '27; Baseball Team '26.
Dorothy is herself at all times. Because of her optimism and cheerfulness she has won for herself many friends.

ANDERSON, ESTHER
Galva, Illinois

"I don't talk much, but I think a lot."

ANDERSON, NELLIE MARIE
Durand, Illinois

Baseball '26.
We can't believe Nellie when she tells us she wants to be an old maid. Five years from now she may tell us something else.

ARNOLD, NELLIE *"Nell"*
Stockton, Illinois

Nellie's hobby is genealogical research. Most of us would rather have a hobby with an easier name. Anyway, we admire her fortitude.

ATKINSON, SARA *"Sally"*
Lake Bluff, Illinois
W. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Everyone knows "pretty little brown-eyed Sally." Can you imagine her not having a good time? We can't.

BACKER, LILAH M. *"Billie"*
Morrison, Illinois
Y. W. C. A. 25; W. A. A. '25.
Lilah's ambition is to be a good teacher. She believes in aiming high.

BACHMANN, VIRGINIA MARTHA *"Jinny"*
Lockport, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
"Jinny's" favorite character in literature is Pollyanna. She's like her too, even though she does seem to take things seriously at times.

BAIRD, MABEL E. *"Mamie"*
La Moille, Illinois
She need never fear for her future with her spirit of good will and ability to do things.

BANSAU, HILDA J.
Sublette, Illinois
Her favorite character in literature is King Arthur. Is it because "the doctor" resembles that romantic king of old?

BEILER, DORIS ROSE *"Twin"*
St. Charles, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
Doris wants to be an art teacher. We may some day hear that she is one of the new art teachers at N. I. S. T. C.

BEILER, MAY O. *"Curly"*
St. Charles, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef.
May's hobby is music. We wait to hear her sing a song in German.

BERGMAN, ADENE *"Dene"*
Batavia, Illinois

W. A. A. Council; Secretary Treble Clef; Y. W. C. A. An all-round girl. Everyone knows that everything Dene does, from keeping hiking rules to keeping faith with Harold, is done sincerely.

BERGSTROM, VIOLET MARIE *"Vi"*
Oregon, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
"Vi" has an unusual hobby, that of writing letters. We think she could get rich being secretary to college students.

BISH, IONE
Hinckley, Illinois

Progressive, conscientious, and ambitious describe Ione.

BLAKESLEE, LUCILLE *"Lucy"*
Belvidere, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Collecting ships is Lucy's hobby. Thinking of ships reminds us of friendships, and she has made a huge collection in her one year at N. I.

BLAIR, FAYE *"Blair"*
DeKalb, Illinois

H. A. C.: Town Girls.
Faye likes to dance and yet she wants to be a missionary. Can't do both, Faye.

BLEWETT, MERLE D.
Pearl City, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Quiet and reserved. Merle has great thoughts of the future. She will be an efficient teacher, for the word "efficient" suggests Merle.

BLUM, VERA K.
Sterling, Illinois

W. A. A.
Have you ever seen Vera without a smile, or when she was not ready to enter a sport, or share in fun?

BROCK, RUTH *"Woothie"*
DeKalb, Illinois
"Woothie" is a demure little miss with dreamy, dazzling eyes. Wonder what "Woothie" is dreaming of.

BROOKS, REID M. *"Brooks"*
DeKalb, Illinois
Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Editor Northern Illinois; Orchestra.
One of the studious young men of N. I. Though he manages to keep busy, he knows how to divide his time between studying and Laura.

BROUILLETTE, MAE E.
Saint Anne, Illinois
Treble Clef; Y. W. C. A.
The other girl who can truly parley-vous. She and Abbie are room-mates and pals.

BULL, EVELYN *"Eveleeine"*
DeKalb, Illinois
Treble Clef; Hockey Team '25, '26.
Leave it to Evelyn to know her Latin verbs. She can track down the history of any English word—and in Hockey she can certainly make the ball fly.

BURKE, MILDRED *"Milly"*
Sycamore, Illinois
"Milly" is as busy as the proverbial bee, and she gets results from her "bee-siness" too. She always does her part and then—a little bit more.

BUSKIE, MARIE LOUISE *"Mary Lou"*
Rockford, Illinois
Hockey '25; Swimming '26; Baseball '26; Sweater '26.
We all know when Marie is in the crowd because she always helps to make it lively. Marie's hobby is hiking, and she certainly earned her W. A. A. sweater.

BUSSAN, STELLA
Galena, Illinois
Stella is gentle, pleasant, and willing to help—efficient, too.

CAHILL, HELEN M.
Dixon, Illinois

Treble Clef
Was Helen of Troy any better looking than our Helen? Helen isn't only outwardly beautiful, but she is inwardly beautiful as well—and she can sing! The gods were good to you, "Bobbie."

CARLSON, AGNES *"Ag"*
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Agnes likes to read. We'd like to call her a bookworm, but we suppose she's been dubbed that before. We usually find that those who read have the most interesting things to talk about, and Agnes is no exception.

CARLSON, MARTHA H. *"Mart"*
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
And Martha likes music. We wonder what happens when Agnes wants to read, and Martha wants to play the piano.

CARLSON, SIGRID
Elgin, Illinois

Swedish? She can always be relied upon to do her part.

CARNAHAN, MRS. CHESTER L.
Paw Paw, Illinois

She has been one of our very successful students and has an optimistic outlook on her profession.

CHAPMAN, EDNA M. *"Chappie"*
Hanover, Illinois

"Work before play" is her motto. If you're looking for a conscientious student, pick Edna.

CHARTIER, ABBIE ELLA
St. Anne, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Abbie's ambition is to talk like a true Frenchman. We don't know how a true Frenchman talks, but we do know that we enjoy hearing Abbie talk.

CIOCCA, IDA
La Salle, Illinois
"If we feel blue it is Ida who drives away the clouds"

CLARK, NELLIE *"Nell"*
Mendota, Illinois
Nellie's ambition is to become rich teaching. Better find another profession, Nellie

CLAUDE, MARGARET
Aurora, Illinois
Always delightful in speech and action

CLAUDE, MARIE
Aurora, Illinois
Everything Marie undertakes she does well. She believes in duty first and pleasure afterwards

COLWELL, BLANCHE
Franklin Grove, Illinois
Good nature, and go together. Blanche runs true to type.

CONFER, FRANCES
Lindenwood, Illinois
Cheery, willing, and brave is "Fran."

CONIBEAR, CORNELIA *"Cor"*
Lee Center, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A. Sweater; Town Girls.
We can just see Cornelia curled up in front of a fireplace reading some thrilling adventure tale. Or we can see her hiking along the boulevards of DeKalb. We like you, Cornelia.

COMISKY, ETHEL
Lostant, Illinois

Treble Clef.
A veritable little song bird is she. Her disposition and spirit are as sweet as her voice.

CAQUELINE, LILLIAN
Serena, Illinois

A wee, windsome miss, who bravely dares to be a country "school marm."

DAVIS, ELIZABETH M. *"Bet"*
Sterling, Illinois

"Still water runs deep." Here's one of the girls with Sterling qualities.

DEGNER, MABELLE *"Mabs"*
Amboy, Illinois

Treble Clef.
Although "Mabs" is shy, nothing frightens her.

DENNISON, BARBARA *"Barb"*
Monroe Center, Illinois

Treasurer W. A. A.; Sweater; Philosophy Club; Town Girls; Hockey Team '25, '26; Basket-ball Team '27.
Even though she's little she's speedy in hockey and basketball. Barb's just as keen in class, too.

DESMOND, MARY ELINOR *"Desperate"*
Rockford, Illinois

Town Girls.
Elinor is just full of emotion. She is surely a good actor and has a charming personality besides.

DE YOUNG, THEODORA *"Teddy"*
Elgin, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Orchestra.
Some people live to work or work to live. "Teddy" lives to work—school work, music, and outside activities. "Teddy" can tell good jokes.

DIEDRICH, FRED *"Freddie"*
DeKalb, Illinois

We're wondering if "Freddie's" birthday is in October, because he's so fond of "Opals."

DOOLITTLE, BERTHA *"Buddie"*
Grayslake, Illinois

Hockey '26; Baseball '26.
Grayslake surely can't be gray with Bertha around. Bertha's hobby is athletics. We think her ambition must be to excel in them.

DONNELLY, BERNARD *"Doug"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Baseball; Varsity Club; Orchestra.
We don't think of him as Irish when we look at him, but we know he has the "gift of gab."

DUNN, LOIS *"Toots"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Treble Clef.
A tiny, brown-eyed miss, whose favorite character in literature is Lady Macbeth. "Toots" doesn't seem to be the kind that likes tragedy because to us she appears like a gloom chaser.

EIDE, MELVIN R. *"Bake"*
Sheridan, Illinois

Vice President Melodie Klub; Baseball '26, '27.
An N. I. student who has played a good game of baseball for two years, and he can sing, too. Remember "Spencer"?

ELLIOTT, NELLIE M.
Toulon, Illinois

Nellie is conscientious and ambitious. More should have such qualities.

EMANUELSON, SIGRID J. *"Swede"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Basketball; Baseball; Town Girls.
Sigrid's name suggests a character in a Norwegian folk tale. She is clever, congenial, and a good student. Her hobby is drawing.

EMMERT, ELSIE
Mt. Morris, Illinois

A taste for the better things of life is always admired in a person. It is an inspiration to talk with Elsie.

ERICKSON, LILLIAN *"Lill"*
Waukegan, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef.
To know her is to like her. Lillian always has a witty answer for us, and is "just loads of fun."

ESMAY, RUTH
Batavia, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Ruth has the distinguished characteristic of liking to study. She likes other things, too, for she says her two hobbies are basketry and camping.

ETNYRE, HELEN KAY *"Etty"*
Adeline, Illinois

Basket-ball '27; W. A. A.
Does Helen like pie? Ask her! She is one of the people N. I. hates to see leave.

FEENEY, DOROTHY D. *"Dot"*
Waukegan, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Town Girls
Dorothy is an ardent outdoor enthusiast and an excellent student. We know she likes sports because her hobby is playing tennis.

FISHER, ZELLA *"Red"*
DeKalb, Illinois

President Town Girls.
Curly red-hair, a winning smile, and a joyful radiance characterize Zella. She has a willingness to do.

FLORENCE, MARTHA
Aurora, Illinois

We think Martha a delightful companion, probably because she is a good listener as well as a good thinker.

FORSTER, FRANCES *"Franny"*
Evanston, Illinois
That wistful, inquiring expression says many things to us, Frances.

FRY, FRANCES
Belvidere, Illinois
The old proverb about "Hang sorrow" fits Fran.

GALLAGHER, MARIE
Paw Paw, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
If we had a Red Head Club this year, Marie would probably have been the President. She is clever and witty; her laugh is as catching as measles.

GEBHARDT, GLADYS *"Glad"*
Oak Park, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; N. I. Press.
Quiet and shy, but as nice as can be—that's Gladys.

GILL, BROOK F. *"Bull Biff"*
Byron, Illinois
Brook is quite talented in the art of memorizing poetry. If you want your poetry published, give it to Byron's speed cop and it will spread like mushrooms.

GOETZ, MARION *"Meg"*
West Chicago, Illinois
Marion's favorite character in literature is Romeo. What does that lead us to believe about her?

GRAY, OLIVE GERTRUDE *"Ollie"*
Plainfield, Illinois
When Olive determines to do something she does it well. She is of a fine strain.

GREELEY, GERTRUDE
DeKalb, Illinois

Basket-ball '26, '27; Treble Clef; Norther Staff.
Here is another girl whose ambition is to be an artist. Gertrude is not only good at drawing, but she is good at basket-ball as well. And—we can never forget her voice.

GRIFFEN, HELEN *"Spain"*
Atkinson, Illinois

Helen's nickname is Spain, her hobby is quoting poetry, and she wishes to get rich quick. Oh, romance, where is thy sting!

GUNNING, LUCILLE
Neponset, Illinois

Y. W. C. A. Council.
Lucille has proven a true friend and a helper to every one.

GUSE, MARTHA *"Mart"*
Union, Illinois

Baseball '26; Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.
Another of N. I.'s blondes. If you're looking for someone who will entertain you, look for Martha. She's always ready for a good time, and her hosts of friends show it.

HAFFEY, HAZEL
West Chicago, Illinois

Hobby, dancing; ambition, music supervisor. If she can do both at once she's a wizard.

HAIME, ROMONA *"Mony"*
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A. Council; Sweater.
In Romona's quiet nature there is a vein of mirth. We remember her as the girl with a wonderful personality.

HALLQUIST, GRACE
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Grace says her hobby is eating and art crafts. Do the two go together? We wonder. To fully appreciate Grace's art work, one has only to glance through this book.

HANSTINE, FAITH IRENE, *"Petaire Pan"*
Rockford, Illinois

Editor-in-Chief Norther; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A. '26; Athletic Committee.
"Peter Pan", we love you and your originality. Carl Sandburg should envy you because of the Rootabaga yarns you write. "I have but one life to live for the Norther"—that's Faith!

HANRAHAN, CLARA MAE
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Y. W. C. A.; Town Girls.
Clara has come from the Oshkosh B' Gosh Normal. We hope you like N. I. Clara, because we surely like you.

HANRAHAN, HAZEL
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Y. W. C. A.; Town Girls.
Hazel has formed many new friendships while here at N. I. She's the kind of a girl that wins friends and keeps them.

HAPPEL, VERNA L. *"Happy"*
Oak Park, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
A happy, carefree girl who lets troubles and worries bother her not.

HAYFORD, GLADYS *"Gladie"*
Crystal Lake, Illinois

Librarian Treble Clef; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Sweater; President Williston Hall.
She'll always keep her sunshiny disposition unless she falls in love with a red-haired man. Williston Hall will miss her—and so will we all. We're glad we knew you, "Gladie."

HEDBERG, LESLIE C.
Rockford, Illinois

Football '25, '26; Varsity Club '25, '26; Baseball '27.
"Red" surely can play football and we all know it. He's an all-round sport. If you want to know more about him consult "Curly."

HELMICK, DOROTHY *"Dodie"*
Dixon, Illinois

Norther Staff; Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef; W. A. A.
Dorothy is a clever, attractive, ash-blonde with an artistic streak in her temperamental make-up.

HENDERSON, EVA ANITA
Waukegan, Illinois

Eva says she likes to pester people, and her ambition is to travel. Don't go too far with either, Eva.

HENKE, ESTHER
Minooka, Illinois

Esther is very dependable.

HENNING, MARY ALOISE *"Peg"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Treble Clef; Town Girls.
Is she like the Irish lass in the song, "Peg O' My Heart"? If those eyes didn't come from Ireland, where did they come from?

HERRINGTON, EDESSA MAE *"Dessa"*
Libertyville, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Basketball '26.
"Dessa" is a good sport. Look at her work with the Boy Rangers and you will see she has the personality that makes her pupils love her.

HOLLAND, RUTH ELIZABETH
"Apple River"
Apple River, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Here's to the girl who makes friends wherever she goes. She also believes in putting her home town on the map. Can't you hear her say, "I'm from Apple River"?

HOLMBERG, BERNICE *"Be"*
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Another attractive Swede from "Swedeville". Bernice not only likes teaching but she is a good example of what a real teacher should be.

HOWELL, DOROTHEA *"Dort"*
Geneva, Illinois

Basketball '26; Baseball '26; Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Sweater.
We can say of "Dort" that she's a real athlete. At baseball she's a second Babe Ruth, and we all know that when she pitches, the catcher is laid up for a week with a sprained finger, wrist, or hand. "Dort" likes to study, too. She's a real girl.

HOWLAND, ESTHER
Oregon, Illinois

Esther's ambition is to be a successful teacher. If she lives in the "How" land she can't help but be successful.

HOWLAND, MARIAN
Oregon, Illinois

Marian has proven to us that a delightful, independent spirit makes many true friends.

HUHTA, AUNE
DeKalb, Illinois

Aune doesn't waste her musical ability in inharmonious laughs, but when she does laugh we know it must be about something funny.

HUNT, CHARLES C. *"Chuck"*
DeKalb, Illinois

When we see "Chuck" we think of those Apollo-like men in the collar ads. He has an individual hobby, that of racehorses. We can just see him at a horse race with———

JARVIS, EVELYN L. *"Giggles"*
Belvidere, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef.
Look at Evelyn's nickname! A thunder-storm just naturally goes the other way when it sees her.

JOHNSON, EDNA MARION
Rockford, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Edna is dignified, friendly, and dependable. We like that mixture, don't you?

JOHNSON, GRACE
Aurora, Illinois

W. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Norther Staff.
Grace is talented in more things than one. Of course we know what the one is. And have you ever seen her cut figures in the ice? And have you ever seen her play tennis? If not, you have missed a treat.

JOHNSON, LENORE
Oak Park, Illinois

Y. W. C. A. Council; W. A. A.
In this girl modesty and beauty go hand in hand Lenore is best known to her friends.

JOHNSON, MARGARET
Waukegan, Illinois

Baseball '26; President Treble Clef; Y. W. C. A. Council; W. A. A.
She has music in her soul. Margaret is not only a leader among the girls but among the other sex, too.

JORANLIEN, HELMER C. *"Specks"*
Oxfordville, Illinois

Y. M. C. A.
Helmer's hobby is tennis. Does that mean he is especially interested in love games?

JOSLIN, VAN WILDER *"Van"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Norther Staff; Y. M. C. A. Secretary; N. I. Press; Philosophy Club.
Van has proven to be a clever, earnest, and capable business manager as well as news-hunter for N. I. Go to it, Van.

KELOW, MARION *"Half-Pint"*
Chicago, Illinois

Town Girls.
We like your remarkable nickname, Marion, but we're afraid the Student Council might censor your hobby! ! ? ?

KELTNER, RALPH WALDO
Rockford, Illinois

Y. M. C. A.
Ralph and the girlst OH! how they agree!

KENNEDY, MARY
Lee, Illinois

Mary's interests seem to be centered on bridge. If she plays the game of life as well as she plays the game of bridge she'll be sure to make a "grand slam."

KINNEY, MARIE
Momence, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
We'll never forget how brave Marie was when she broke her ankle. But she's the kind of a girl that is always brave, and we surely admire her for her undaunted spirit.

KITCHIN, DOROTHY E. *"Dotty"*
Wheaton, Illinois
"Dotty's" ambition is to find happiness. Even though she is so petite, she pursues her chase with much ardor. "Dotty's" favorite color is "Red."

KNUR, PHOEBE *"Pheb"*
Aurora, Illinois
Treble Clef; Town Girls.
We shall long remember Phoebe for her winsomeness and ability to make and keep friends.

LALLEY, MARGARET M. *"Peg"*
Sycamore, Illinois
Basket-ball '26; Town Girls.
Margaret comes from Sycamore every day, but she has made a friendly and congenial name for herself at N. I.

LAMB, ESTHER
Rochelle, Illinois
We wonder if Esther is as meek as her name.

LANE, LOUISE *"Lou"*
Aurora, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A. Council; Sweater.
Have you ever seen Louise when she wasn't bubbling over with fun? Louise is a leader among the girls, and is one of the most popular students in school.

LUNDAHL, ROLLAND H. *"Lundy"*
Rockford, Illinois
Norther Staff.
"Lundy" isn't so big but he's a mighty good chap and just fits anywhere. He is a real chip off the Lundahl block.

MAKELA, ESTHER ELVERA
Waukegan, Illinois

Esther is one of those girls with personality, grit, and pep.

MARSHALL, CECILE *"Curly"*
Berwyn, Illinois

Hockey '25; W. A. A.
"Curly" says she wants to teach in Alaska. If so, she can't say her pupils make it hot for her. If Cecile goes to Alaska will "Red" follow?

MALE, BERT
Malta, Illinois

Melodie Klub.
Bert has a complexion which many girls envy. Is he a good sport? We'll say he is!

MCDERMAND, MARJORIE *"Mardie"*
Princeton, Illinois

Vice-President Treble Clef; Secretary Y .W .C. A.
She is Scotch but she surely isn't stingy with her smiles. If "Mardie" comes can Faith be far behind?

MCGRATH, LEONA
Elmhurst, Illinois

Leona is a girl who does her own thinking, and she has a mighty level head, too.

MITTAN, OLIVE
Paw Paw, Illinois

Treble Clef.
A demure lass with a very quiet way. She seems to take a special interest in music and psychology.

MUNSON, ASTRID *"A"*
DeKalb, Illinois

This is another time when a nickname is truly lived up to. We wonder if we adopted the same nickname it would help our report cards.

NASS, ESTHER *"Ess"*
Franklin Grove, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
When we want to be merry and forget our troubles, we seek "Essie's" company because she is always gay and cheerful.

NORTON, HAROLD *"Duke"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Baseball '26, '27; Norther Staff; Varsity Club.
"Duke" is a hard working "fella." He also knows how to pitch a baseball. He is known as a one-girl man. Perseverance wins. "Duke."

O'CONNER, ELIZABETH *"Liz"*
Belvidere, Illinois

Hockey '25, '26; Basket-ball '26, '27; Norther Staff; W. A. A. Council; Sweater.
Elizabeth thinks it's a grand old world to live in and proves it to us also. "Liz" is humorous, light-hearted, gay and—Irish!

OLIPHANT, RUTH V.
Oak Park, Illinois

President Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef; W. A. A.; Sweater; Student Council President.
Shockable and good. "Feet off the couch boys. This is the 'Y' room." Ruth stands for law and order.

PAGE, MRS. MARY C.
DeKalb, Illinois

How many girls envy you, Mrs. Page. There are not many who can call him George

PETERSON, LINNEA *"Lin"*
DeKalb, Illinois

Orchestra '26, '27.
Here's to Linnea, one of the best girl violinists in the orchestra. She's a mighty popular girl, too.

PITSTICK, MARGUERITE
Aurora, Illinois

Hockey, '25, '26; Y. W. C. A.
Second only to Paul Ash, she can make a piano a live thing. Marguerite likes pep and lots going on.

PLATT, FRANK
Paxton, Illinois

Frank is very tall and the Freshmen look up to him —the girls especially, for Frank is a lady's man.

POKORNY, MARY ANNE
Joliet, Illinois

Orchestra; Philosophy Club.
When we think of Mary we think of her unshorn locks, her excellent grades, her air of dignity—and, her violin.

PRICKETT, PAUL
DeKalb, Illinois

President Y. M. C. A.
Earnest, quiet, dependable, and true. Everything he has, he puts into the task ahead.

QUICK, CARRIE M.
Cordova, Illinois

Her presence is stimulating because she is always cheerful and peaceful.

REICHELT, HELEN *"BO"*
Deerfield, Illinois

Y. W. C. A
Never sad, always glad.

RHYNE, KATHERINE *"Katherhyne"*
Rock Falls, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.
Her giggle is contagious.

RICE, JEANNETTE E.
Sterling, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; Norther Board; W. A. A.; Sweater; N. I. Press.
A gracious maiden who has done much to make this book possible. There is something delightful in her personality. Jeanette has many friends at N. I.

RAVATT, DONALD
Malta, Illinois

We don't see your face often enough in the halls of N. I. Oh, we know that you have other interests in Malta.

RORIG, LUCILLE *"Lou"*
Elgin, Illinois

Basket-ball, '26, '27; Y. W. C. A. Council; W. A. A.; Sweater.
"Lou" is a lively member of any crowd. Her sympathy and charming lisp are dear to us. "Lou" is a great believer in "IT."

RUDOLPH, ALICE M. *"Aloha"*
Oak Park, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; N. I. Press.
And a jolly, dear girl is she! Alice's nature is as sunny as her hair—and, lest we forget, Alice's favorite flower is the "Vilas Bud."

RYAN, PAUL
DeKalb, Illinois

President Freshman Class; President Melodie Klub; Norther Staff.
The last but not the least of the Famous Ryan Trio. Paul is the "Peach" of N. I.

SEUBERT, FLORA
Galena, Illinois

How N. I. will miss Flora when she returns to the hills of Galena! She's one of N. I.'s outstanding optimists.

SEYLER, MERLE
Burlington, Illinois

You feel that you are in good company when you are with Merle. When Merle wants something she usually gets it. Watch out!

SHALER, ALICE L. *"Al"*
Crystal Lake, Illinois

President W. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Treble Clef; W. A. A.; Sweater.
Alice is the other red head from Crystal Lake. Her fine qualities of leadership and sportsmanship have been proven many times.

SLAYMAKER, ADA L. *"Slay"*
Erie, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; Town Girls.
Ada is the girl from Erie. A little girl from a little town. However, it is quality that counts.

SOUTHUN, HAZEL
Malta, Illinois

Hazel likes driving and wants to travel. We'll be getting a letter from Europe some day, and it will be signed Mademoiselle Southun.

SPOONER, LILLIAN *"Polly"*
Hebron, Illinois

Does Lillian live up to her name? We'll have to see her on a moonlight night to be sure.

STEGMIER, HELEN
Rochelle, Illinois

Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Norther Staff.
With winning ways and her true friendship, Helen has made a name for herself at N. I.

STEIN, ETHEL *"Etchie"*
Rochelle, Illinois

"Etchie" is a girl, earnest and interested in her work. She "Fords" her way to and from Rochelle every day. We are very glad "Etchie" has been with us.

STILES, SARAH DONELDA *"Sally"*
Rockford, Illinois

Vice-President W. A. A.; Sweater; Y. W. C. A. Council.
"Sally" knows Math and a great many other things too. Who? We won't tell. "Sall's" friendship is satisfying.

STONE, RUTH LILLIAN
Lockport, Illinois

Norther Staff; Y. W. C. A. Council; N. I. Press.
A little brown eyed pixie with an elfish power with words.

STREVER, ALLIE MAY *"Tevee"*
Hinckley, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
A joy to all who know her. We've said it all year and we'll say it again—she's a wonderful girl. Good luck to you, Allie May.

STROTE, MALOTTE
Rockford, Illinois
Malotte is one of our individual characters at N. I. She's another one with that contagious laugh.

SWARTHOUT, WALTER E. *"Walt"*
DeKalb, Illinois
Y. M. C. A.; Melodie Klub.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Eh, Walt? Well, we don't blame you. Walter is one of the bright and shining spots of N. I. that cannot be overlooked by anyone.

SWEIGERT, HELEN *"Hienie"*
Sterling, Illinois
Helen is from Sterling and she has "sterling" qualities.

SYKORA, HELEN *"Sykie"*
Batavia, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
Helen is one of our "A" students and that means she has true ability. Helen's a jolly girl, too, in a crowd.

TAZEWELL, RICHARD *"Red"*
Kingston, Illinois
Varsity Club
For once red hair and temper don't match. "Red" is quiet and unobtrusive, but he gets there just the same.

THEIS, EVA *"Theis"*
Elizabeth, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
Eva's unending willingness and general ability have made her a friend to many.

THEIL, ALICE *"Sal"*
Villa Park, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
It isn't always the talker who is the success; actions count more.

THOMPSON, BERNICE
Creston, Illinois
A winning way has Bernice. We wish we knew her better.

THORSEN, MERVIN *"Dutch"*
Lee, Illinois
Baseball '26, '27; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer Melodie Klub.
Tall and dignified is "Dutch." We've never seen him when he wasn't congenial.

TROTTNOW, JOSEPHINE *"Jo"*
Dixon, Illinois
Treble Clef; Y. W. C. A.
"Jo" has become identified with fun and good times. We envy her for her pep and vivacity.

TYSDALE, ALICE
Lee, Illinois
Hockey '26.
A girl we all like. She surely is a good goal keeper on the hockey field and we know she'll be able to keep other goals, too.

VAN PATTEN, DORTHEA *"Pat"*
DeKalb, Illinois
Dorthea is aiming at a very "high" goal. She has a good start.

VIEREGG, JOHN *"Johnnie"*
Woodstock, Illinois
Class Treasurer '25; Football '26; Norther Staff.
Johnnie is one of N. I.'s fickle men. We'll excuse him because we know where his heart is.

VEALE, WARREN
Malta, Illinois
"Speed isn't always a mark of ability—eh Warren?"

WALSH, RUTH
Aurora, Illinois
Treasurer Treble Clef.
Tall, stately, willowy, and dignified is Ruth. One must really know her to know a "true-blue" pal.

WATSON, EMILY MARIE
Sterling, Illinois
W. A. A.
Full of pep and bubbling over with a giggle. Emily is ready to do and dare, and to do exceedingly well.

WALTON, HARRY
Rock Falls, Illinois
Student Council.
"For he's a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny." Yea—Harry!

WELCH, ALBERTA
Toulon, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.
Alberta laughs—and laughs—and laughs. Go on laughing like that Alberta, and you'll laugh down all the cares that school teaching will ever bring you.

WILLIAMS, THEODORE *"Ted"*
West Frankfort, Illinois
President Y. M. C. A.; N. I. Press; Philosophy Club.
There is dash to "Ted" even though he has that innocent look which misleads many.

WILTSE, FRANKLYN L. *"Red"*
DeKalb, Illinois
Melodie Klub; Orchestra.
"Red" is N. I.'s popular cornetist, but he's true to the "Dot."

WOLFF, MILDRED DORTHEA *"Mill"*
Elgin, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; Head Proctor Williston Hall.
A good friend, straight and true as an arrow.

YAFFE, MOLLIE ANN *"Mol"*
Elgin, Illinois
Vice President Freshman Class; Y. W. C. A. Council; Treble Clef; W. A. A.; Sweater.
Can she dance? Well, I guess. Mollie is an all-round sport and a good pal.

ZERR, MRS. G. W.
DeKalb, Illinois
Mrs. G. W. Zerr—We like that smile from her.

ZUGSCHWERDT, HAZEL *"Ezrie"*
Chadwick, Illinois
Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; Sweater.
She likes music. Hazel and her victrola are good pals. Her good nature is hard to beat.

RICHARDSON, MARGERITE
Dixon, Illinois
She could think, and n'er disclose her mind.

These I have loved:

Little paths that weave in and out
And stumble and turn; white birches
Whispering secrets; the flame of the
Cardinal as it cuts across the lake;
Robin eggs hidden in queer nooks; baby rabbits
Lying nose to nose in tiny nests; ducks
Scudding across the water; the moon gleaming
From behind black towers; ice-covered trees
And tinkling bushes;—
The noise of purple martins; love-calls of
The red-wing; soft thundering of the
Water-falls and the white foam that
Heaves and sinks; laughter of boys
Fishing with a branch and a bent pin;
The swish-swish of the row boat and the
Murmuring of the canoe; the croaking of
Frogs and all the pleasant night sounds;
The crispness of dead leaves that
Crunch and crackle; the roaring wind that
Brings snow to the awaiting campus;—
The smell of green grass; the magnolia tree,
Enticing lovers with its faint perfume;
Violets breathing their spring song; the
Odor of wet trees after a rain;—
Pebbles under my feet when I walk
Through the old-fashioned garden;
Soft grass, like a fairy carpet; trees
That caress my hand when I pass; the thrill
Of an ice-covered lake and gleaming skates;
The cold stone of the Freshman seat;—
The sunset glow, and the warmth of Comradeship;
These I have loved.

—Faith Hanstine

Chapter 4: Senior College

Four years of work, of joy, of play,
We've known within these castle walls.
The breaking light o'er towers gray,
And every russet leaf that falls
Is painted clear on every heart
As legacies to carry far in memory
when we part.

"Just Around the Corner"

"Just around the corner is a wondrous something more"—and we have found the winding ways that lead to something more.

There is no narrow, zig-zagged stair that climbs to sky-etched towers, but in the dim, gray light there sits a slip-o'-wisp-o'-witch who stitches (while the owls cry out) on broken spider webs, all while the winds do scream and moan around the sky-etched towers.

There is a crazy, wavy path that you unwind yourself. You greet a jonquil with a bow (oh! for a hat with plumes that sweep); you meet a robin's speculative eye with your most genteel air; you tip-toe past the frogs that blink upon the mossy logs—when you twist 'round the corners of your crazy, wavy path.

There are some very silent pines and very hoary oaks, whose grave old, gray old beards you stroke while you peer from around. At some quite certain time of day there is a red-nosed elf who takes the birches out to dance upon the greening green. He must unlink the golden chain which holds their captive feet, and if you steal without a sneeze up from behind the oak and seize the chain—you have the trees—and may go for a walk.

Then—around one corner is a book, an old dream-dusted book, which sweeps the shadows from your eyes, and curves your lips in smiles.

There is a golden thread-like way that leads you straight along into the fine, white wonderland of some true friend's true love.

And then—there is a lonely stumbling way that sinks away from all this young, young life. The old, old men who sit long hours against the sunny walls say this way leads to something—to something even more—but we forget just what. We do not wish to know. For just around the corner *here* is something—something more. We shall be very sad to go.

—Gladys Simonsen

Senior College Officers

M. Stanley Gritzbaugh
Kirkland

Senior

President of Senior Class, '27; Vice-president Student Council, '27; Editor Northern Illinois, '25, and '26; Vice-president Melodie Klub, '26; Philosophy Club, '26; Y. M. C. A., '25, '26, '27.

Course—Social Science

"On Stanley! On!—" with your wit, your wisdom and your Rockford.

Melvin S. Lindberg
DeKalb

Junior

Secretary Senior Class '27; Northern Illinois, '26, '27; Philosophy Club, '26.

Course—Mathematics

"I want to make good."

Ardath Pearson
DeKalb

Junior

Vice-president Senior Class '27; Student Council '27; Northern Illinois, '27; Philosophy Club '27.

Course—English

"I never could admire a man who uses cream in his tea."

Paul Ritzman
DeKalb

Senior

Treasurer Senior Class '27; Melodie Klub '26, '27; Y. M. C. A. Vice-president, '26; Basket-ball, '25, '26.

Course—Social Science

"There are so many women in the world."

BACKUS, BERNICE
DeKalb
Junior
Founder Y. W. C. A. Book Exchange, '21; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '21, '22; H. A. C., '21, '22; Assistant Librarian, '27.
Course: Geography
"It is unanimously agreed, that "Berkus" is a good scout."

BOOTH, GILBERT
Kirkland
Senior
Student Council, '27.
Course: Social Science
"Mr. Booth is dignified—" "Umph! Is that so?"

CONCIDINE, WESLEY
DeKalb
Senior
Baseball, '25; Football, '25, '26; Basket-ball, '25, '26.
Course: Manual Arts
Someone has said, "He is an answer to a maiden's prayer."

CORMACK, ELBERT
Rockford
Senior
Course: Social Science
"Don't overlook me; I won't be overlooked."

DENNIS, MARGARET E.
DeKalb
Senior
Y. W. C. A.
Course: Mathematics
"Who would think that such a charming girl could revel—actually revel in calculus?"

GRITZBAUGH, RALPH
Kirkland
Senior
Student Council, '27; Northern Illinois, '27; Melodie Klub, '26, '27; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '26, '27.
Course: Social Science
"Let's laugh, Ralph! You know how."

GILMORE, WILMA
DeKalb
Junior
Scribblers Club, '24.
Course: English
"I want to be happy."

HOLDERNESS, KATHRYN
DeKalb
Senior
Course: Music
"Isn't Sir Galahad good-looking?"

JOHNSON, DOROTHY
Berwyn
Junior
H. A. C., '24, '25, '26; President, '27; Town Girls' Vice-President, '27; W. A. A., '24.
Course: Home Economics
"I should love to roller-skate with you always."

KITE, GRACE
Mendota
Junior
Course: English
"She knows what she knows, including her own mind."

LANDIS, HUBERT
DeKalb
Senior
Football, '22, '23.
Course: Social Science
"Here's a real man."

POULTON, KENNETH H.
Cherry Valley
Senior
Y. M. C. A.
Course: Geography
"Everything is explained through knowledge of Geography."

RUSSELL, MRS. MINA J.
DeKalb
Senior
Course: Social Science
"You know, I should like to do interior decorating."

RYAN, EVERETT
Kirkland
Junior
Course: Biology
"Here's to the man who knows the bugs, the birds, and the bees."

SIMONSEN, GLADYS

Clinton, Missouri

Junior

Norther Board, '26, '27; Northern Illinois, '26, '27; Philosophy Club, '26, '27.

Course: English

"So this is—" Gladys.

TURNER, MAURICE C.

Elgin

Senior

Norther Board, '26; President Varsity Club, '27; Athletic Committee, '27; Football, '26; Basket-ball, '26, '27; Base-ball, '27; Y. M. C. A.

Course: Mathematics

"Meet the popular man."

The Student-Pilgrim

To the Seer came the Student-Pilgrim, asking the oft-asked question, "How may I reach the City Beautiful?"

The Seer shook his head as he had shaken it many times before, and replied, "The way is long; the path, labyrinthine; the pitfalls many."

The Student-Pilgrim with earnestness rejoined, "But the City Beautiful is lovely, a jewel beyond price. Its steps are ivory, its walls are jasper. The way cannot be long. Behold, I even now can see the gleaming roof tops from afar."

So the Seer, still shaking his head and murmuring in his beard, brought out his book, a heavy tome, and read:

"You must travel the age-old path of Man's Upward Climb
Through the Cobwebby Land of Tradition,
To the Misty Regions of Dim Phantoms called Faith and Religion,
And the Stiff-necked Country of Custom,
By the Stagnant Swamps of Conformity,
And the Arid Climes of Formality,
Until you reach
The Mountain Top of Science, which overlooks the Sea of Substance and the Valley of Practical Living,
The Myriad-Peopled Land of Literature,
The Mirroring Pools of Art where Angelo and Raphael and the Immortals have bathed,
And the Pierian Springs of Plato whose first drought dizzies and whose second makes all clear,
Then the City Beautiful will be near."

The Seer ceased reading and faced the Student-Pilgrim. The young man's face was rapt.

"The City Beautiful," he murmured and kissed the book and departed.

The Seer sank wearily upon a stool. "The City Beautiful! The City Beautiful! Long in the land of mists and swamps will the Student-Pilgrim search for it. And, after he has traversed land and sea, and reached at last the Pierian Spring, then he will know—the City Beautiful is never reached!"

—Ardath Pierson

The Olympians

Dramatis Personae

Mercury ..... M. Stanley Gritzbaugh
Diana ..... Dorothy Johnson
Apollo ..... Stuart Engstrand
Endymion ..... Kenneth Poulton
Jupiter ..... Gilbert Booth
Mars ..... Maurice Turner
Pluto ..... Elbert Cormack
Minerva ..... Ardath Pearson
Vulcan ..... Walter Cannon
(Censored)
And all the other Olympians with the exception of Bacchus.

Scene: SOMEWHERE ON OLYMPUS

The Olympians sit in well-fed content in the living room of Jupiter's apartment. Hebe has just ladeled out the ambrosia and nectar. Mercury wafts himself in as the curtain rises.

Mercury: Say, Jupiter —say, listen!

Diana: Oh! Mercury! Mercury! How's Rockford? *Diana giggles The Olympians perk a deified ear. Cries of "How is she, Mercury? Oh Mercury—do tell us! Do—Mercury, do!"*

Mercury: *Aglow; the very wings on his cap flapping about in ecstacy*; Ah Rockford! Ah Ferne! Ah bliss! Why—only think—she and I walked on the same sidewalk—the same one at the same time, mind you! We read the same electric signs. The '57 varities'—how it glowed! Like here eyes—
Apollo stops struggling with his Windsor tie and gazes ceilingward with a gusty sigh.

Endymion: *Consulting a note-book*—I have had over fifty-seven Rockford girls propose to me.

Jupiter: I believe, Mercury, that you had something of an educational purport to reveal to us. It is my opinion that the group might benefit by hearing of it.
A roar is heard approaching from without.

Mercury: Mr. Jupiter—*bowing*—Pluto has unsleuthed a dark, deep, double-dyed crime, and he is coming to spend the week-end, and——

Mars: *Who has been dozing-bristles-and barks out.* Position! Attention! Snap into your ear-mufflers!

Enter Pluto

Pluto: Ah! majestic magistrate and likewise decreer of rectitude and equitable distributor of justice, I subdue my pliable person into a curvature descending in what is known as the downward direction before the material manifestation of yourself. *Mercury closes the transom.* Fellow Olympians, I promulgate the most exalted veneration to you by making myself the object of your observation. By the progressive motion of that portion of my anatomy encased in that exhibition of the cobbler's art, known as the shoe, I now erectify myself in the general direction of before, before you. I appear as a crime detector before you! A foul iniquity more obscure than a stack of pitch-black members of the feline confederacy,—

(*Censored*) SSS—t Pluto!—did you get a hold of that suppressed book?

Pluto: has been perpetrated within the scholastic perpendicular erections commonly known as walls of that notable institution The Northern Illinois State Teachers College. And—I have unsleuthed the crime.

(*Censored*) But say, Pluto, *did* you get that suppressed book?

Pluto: As you, my worthy fellow Olympians may have cognizance of—*Pluto looks doubtful*—there is within those perpendicular erections commonly known as walls of that notable institution The Northern Illinois State Teachers College, an enclosure—to my right—the so-called study hall—silence reigns—there is a printed placard to that effect. But don't forget, *I* unsleuthed the crime.

(*Censored*) Say Pluto—that book—

Pluto: Now that sanguinary exploit—that vicious violation—that—that crime that I unsleuthed. Some moron with a low I. Q.—by the way have you perused and digested my most recently compiled intelligence test?—dared—are your auditory senses attending?—dared to crack a joke and bust up the silence in the so-called study hall. Think a while on that. I unsleuthed it. *The moment is tense—The Olympians are asleep—except Jupiter.*

Jupiter: It has been my experience in the Junior High School to find that such a matter should be dealt with in as effective a

manner as possible. I have found this to be the case. It is my opinion that such a course of action should be followed.

Minerva: But you fail to see the point!

Vulcan: For my part, I think it is all due to a lack of manual-training—Now that manual-training class of mine—

Mercury: It's due to a lack of Fernes on the campus.

Apollo: *Stops struggling with his Windsor tie.* "Ah Ferne, celestial wight, thou bit of verdant rose-bud, where from Heav'n Thou lop, to stew me to a fit of sacred ecstascy. And seven of your fragrant eyes! Ah—Ah—your eye—How my high soaring soul does flit! Oh my—Oh my—Oh my—my!

Mercury: Oh my! Oh my! Oh—my—my! Oh—h!

Pluto: *Mercury closes the transom.* Mr. Jupiter, such over sufficient display of that emotion which is peculiarly characteristic of the weaker effeminate sex—

Minerva: Don't be facetious!

Pluto: Madamoiselle—I

Minerva: Yes, I know what your I. Q. is.

Endymion: I once knew a girl like that Ferne. But she was too crazy to marry me.

Pluto: *Mercury closes the transom.* Mr. Jupiter.

Jupiter: I found during the time in which I was actually connected with the Junior High School that digression from the subject at hand is usually indicative of waste of time. We will return to the issue.

Pluto: *Mercury closes the transom.* It is my belief, Mr. Jupiter, that you make a deviating reference to the crime which I unsleuthed.

Jupiter: In my opinion, that was my intention.

Minerva: Mr. Jupiter, may I say that I am convinced that the joke that was cracked was not subtle. Therefore, we don't need to consider it further.

Vulcan: I worked out a project with my manual-training class one time that I'm sure would mend the joke.

Apollo: *Struggling with his Windsor tie.* But--the silence--the navy-blue acres of silence—
That lies on fevered brows like the ethereal touch of adhesive tape—
Ah the silence—Ah the silence!
Ah—Ah—Ah—Ah—broke—broken—broken down.

Vulcan: Never mind, Apollo, a few nails will fix it.

Pluto: Mr. Jupiter. *Mercury gets up to close the transom.*

Mercury: I think—I think—I'm going to Rockford.

Endymion: Wait—I'll come too. There's a girl there that would be just tickled pink to see me.

Pluto: Mr. Jupiter. I unsleuthed the crime. I—

—Ended for lack of more space.

Chapter 5: Underclassmen

We have discovered beauties since we came—
The rush of falling water over rocks,
And sunset skies that tip the trees with flame;
Long corridors a-gleam with marble blocks,
The drone of voices in a quiet room,
And joy in seeing buds of thought awake to grow and bloom.

Charles Carter
President

Joy Glidden
Vice-President

Evangeline Force
Secretary

Everett Marshall
Treasurer

Freshmen

Have you observed the efficient way in which the newcomers to N. I. S. T. C. have gone about their business fitting themselves to take up the responsibilities which will be theirs next year? Truly they will be dauntless leaders, and that is not said just to cover a quiver in the voice. They have learned the way to do things—of course the Sophomores taught them a lot—and they have tested their ability at every chance given them, or taken by them. Don't misunderstand them.

Did you notice how promptly the class was organized? At an early meeting these officers were elected: Charles Carter, President; Joy Glidden, Vice-President; Evangeline Force, Secretary; Everett Marshall, Treasurer. Elizabeth Johnston was chosen for Social Committee.

Didn't you have a wonderfully good time at the Freshman party? You ought to be willing to say that it was the best party ever given in the gym this year, excepting (to be respectful) the Faculty's Christmas party. For the Freshmen spared no effort in making their first dance a success. Even the palms and Japanese lanterns were remembered—though the orchestra seemed to get the most attention.

Did you attend the Prom, too? This second and final venture was a pleasant ending of the year's affairs.

Weren't you surprised to see how many Freshmen were out for athletics, even though they didn't all get on the team? Next year, just watch them. They will be trained and ready to fill the places of the graduating stars.

Do you think this is a rather short list of activities? They have been busy with other things, not exclusively Freshman managed, student council, classes, and what not! And that is one of the best signs for the next year. It is not the easiest thing to forget old schools, home friendships, and to form new loyalties, but we believe that the Freshman class has submerged its difficulties in the spirit of N. I. and is ready for the coming year.

—EVANGELINE FORCE

Freshmen Girls

Freshmen Girls

Freshmen Girls

Freshmen Boys

Our High School Group

The High School department began seven years ago and since then has flourished with a zeal that a saint would envy. Though our group is apparently small compared with other organizations of the school, it is not entirely unheard of. Our dignified upper classmen—would-be-but-not-yet teachers—regard us with disdain and condescension, accuse us of being overly garrulous and noisy. How easily they forget that they too were high school students at one time! Oh well, at least we get some notoriety from them, some unjust but seemingly—as they think—dignified criticisms. They will learn better some day—maybe.

At the end of this year several of our number will be graduated and will join the college group of this institution. As a farewell to them, our annual picnic will be given at the close of the year. We intend to make it a greater success than ever, though we'll have to admit that our last year's "outing," supervised by Mr. Gage, was a "wow."

The 1927 N. I. High School group bids everyone good luck. In leaving, we wish to thank Mr. Whittaker for kindly advising us in this last year's proceedings.

—Carl H. Anderson

A Fable

There was, in the State Teacher's College of DeKalb, Illinois, a Room. That Room was the Meeting Place for all Fair Women and Handsome Men. In truth, it was Pleasing to stop There and while the Hours away in Idle Jest and Unrestrained Frivolity. It was a Happy Place for High School Students to Frolic at Will. It was a Paradise for Other Raw Young Things who Gazed and Giggled and Sparked at all Hours of the Day. There was no Time when the Room was not filled to Overflowing. Days passed, and the Room gloried in its Popularity. Soon, Rumors began, and the Inmates of the Room were in a great State of Unrest. One day—A—Day-Never-to-be-Forgotten—Men came and Tacked Glaring Signs above each Door of the Room. The Signs said, "Silence in This Room." For a Time, Silence Did Reign, but One Day a Giggle was Heard. The Next Day Two Giggles were Heard, and then—there was Silence no More. There were Soon Great Orations that Will Echo Down the Ages. People Cringed when They Heard the Awful Sermons. From then on the Room was filled with People who Wore Glasses and Carried Trunk-loads of Books. They spoke of the Room as the "Study Hall," while the Others Went to the "Y" Room for Amusement.

MORAL—SOMEONE IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE

—Faith Hanstine

BOOK TWO

Chapter 6: Educational

As through the years we make our eager way,
Old precepts and old lessons may be lost;
Still we'll recall interests of yesterday
And all the busy hours that they cost—
Of writing, of long study, and of thought;
And at the end the wealth of knowledge which those hours brought.

Nu Iota Pi

Consistent with its policy of serving its constituency to the utmost of its ability, the Northern Illinois staff during the past year made numerous advances, chief of which was the change from a bi-weekly to a weekly publication. Hampered for three years by the difficulty of publishing news with any semblance of timeliness, the staff applied for, and welcomed with open arms, a grant from the student activities committee of sufficient funds to permit the issuing of the paper every week.

Though the editor, M. Stanley Gritzbaugh, who had so capably filled that position for a year and a quarter, was obliged to resign early in the winter quarter, the staff, for the most part composed of experienced workers, took upon itself the increased duties of the weekly, and under the guidance of Reid M. Brooks, associate editor, continued, by a scheme of rotating the editorship, to function harmoniously.

As a refreshing surprise came the announcement from Stuart S. Engstrand, editor of the Griffins and Owls column, that in the spring he would publish a column book filled with the best of the year's contributions to the column. Since nothing of that nature had ever, so far as known, been attempted before among the colleges or universities, announcement of the project was received with interest both at home and among the colleges of the state.

The first annual reunion and banquet of the Nu Iota Pi held during the alumni week-end served as a fitting close to the year's work. All former staff members who had been awarded keys were invited to join in the awarding of keys to the worthy journalists of this year's staff.

The past year was the first with Mr. Gage as faculty advisor, and to his unwavering determination should go much credit for this year's success. His vision of a bigger, better paper, combined with the cooperation of the staff as a whole, has made possible each step in this year's progress.

—Reid M. Brooks

The Student Council

The Student Council as an organized body of the school is of very recent origin, brought together this year through the hearty cooperation of the administration, organization leaders, members of the faculty, and the student group. The new student organization became a reality almost immediately after approval of the plan had been voted by the faculty near the close of the winter quarter. Representatives to the Student Council were elected by each of the three student groups separately, the Freshman class being entitled to three, the Sophomore class six, and the Senior College four.

At the regular bi-monthly meetings held by the council, problems pertinent to students and student activities are discussed. When a decision regarding an important student problem has been reached, the same, with a recommendation that action be taken, is submitted to the proper authorities. Thus, the Council is in every respect the student's official spokesman —the vox populi of the college.

The establishment of such an organization is a decidely forward step toward student government—the Utopian ideal in the minds of the thinking students everywhere. The possibilities of what the Council can do for the school are unlimited. Chief among the aims and purposes of the organization as listed in its constitution are the promotion of mutual cooperation between students and members of the faculty, and the direction of general student activities. Optimistic observers are watching with interest the activities of the group. Judging from the progress that has been made thus far, there is every reason to believe that in the future this representative student group will be of very material assistance in shaping the policies for which this school is to stand.

Representatives for this year were—

Freshmen: Evelyn Blomquist, Secretary; Mildred Haffron, and Marjory Wilson.

Sophomores: Ruth Oliphant, President; Paul Ryan, Herbert Wiltberger, Harry Walton, Ruth Stone, and Dorothy Alderman.

Senior College: M. Stanley Gritzbaugh, Vice President; Gilbert Booth, Ralph Gritzbaugh, and Ardath Pearson.

—M. Stanley Gritzbaugh

Philosophy Club

On Tuesday evenings, during the past fall, winter, and spring quarters, the members of the Philosophy Club have assembled in the home of Mr. Parson. The schedule calling for weekly meetings has not been strictly adhered to and the attendance has been somewhat variable, but at all times the members have displayed a keen interest in the activity of the organization.

We have used for our text the brief, but satisfactorily adequate "Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant. We have found this "best seller" to be a scholarly and masterful survey of the history of philosophy, and written in a style that abounds in wit and cleverness. To Mr. Parson we are indebted for his excellent service as our reader and leader of discussion.

Someone has likened a philosopher to a man in a coal cellar, at midnight and without a light, searching about for a black cat. Our meagre acquaintance with the philosophers does not warrant us an opinion as to the accuracy of this description, but, in all probability, we shall never subscribe to it, for it does not agree with the admiration and respect we have learned to hold for their philosophies. The free group discussions, generated by our study of Will Durant's pleasant book on the most thought provocative of subjects and fostered by some of the notoriously argumentative of the members, have, in spite of their philosophical vagrancy of purpose, always proven to be instructive, entertaining, and, withal, strangely inspiring.

—Harold Ohlson

All the School's a Playground

All the school's a playground,
And all the boys and girls are mischief makers:
They have their trials and their victories,
And one child in third grade plays many parts,
His roguish spirit shown in several stages.
At first, the cherub, peacable since promotion.
Then, the bolder urchin, with his grin,
And impish mockery, peeping covertly,
From his lessons. And then, the little clown,
Giggling and chattering, with painted finger nails
Made to attract attention. Then, a rogue
Full of clever taunts, and "Who are you?" expressions,
Turbulent in spirit, sudden and quick in action,
Seeking a reputation for cleverness and wit.
The next stage shifts
Into a cool and careless nonchalance,
With elbows on desk and chin in hands.
His youthful mind, alas, is miles beyond
The dreary class, and his big dreamy eyes,
Turning again to stupid study, see naught
And care naught for the lesson. Last phase of all,
That ends this youthful year of study,
Is that delightful thrill of graduating
With power, with pride, with brains, with everything.

—**Gertrude Greeley**

Our Critics

Every student before graduating comes in contact with a critic teacher. By a critic teacher I mean a teacher-adviser who helps us over the "hard spots," gives us wisdom out of her rich experiences. We think of her rather as our supervisor, because she makes the student-teacher feel she is not there to blame or command, but to guide in the right direction. It is the finest art that she must have—the art to mould and shape the personalities of student teachers, to prepare them to go out into the world and help children to realize their possibilities in life. It seems to us that our critic does not count the hours she puts in working out plans for us, and that she entirely forgets herself "in service." Our critic has taught us to believe in ourselves, in humanity, and in our undertakings. She has taught us to love our work, and to keep in touch with the vital problems of the day, to help us to be more civic-minded persons in a community. Because of her we wish to be practical, sensible, earnest, courageous, and patient. "She has tried to give to the world the best that she has, and may the best come back to her."

—Jeannette Rice

Faculty Club

The Faculty Club

The Faculty Club held its first meeting early in October. This was a get-together affair especially designed to put the teachers in a good humor by feeding them well. The "newcomers" were made welcome to our ranks and the harmony of the year was struck by spending some time in singing together and separately. The election held during the evening resulted in the selection of the following:

President	C. E. Montgomery
Vice President	Helen Hubbard
Treasurer	Fred Carlson
Secretary	Louise Adams
Collegiate Representative	S. F. Parson

The second regular meeting was held in the music room. The speaker of the evening was Dr. A. W. Taylor, of Indianapolis. Dr. Taylor had spent considerable time in Mexico and spoke of the Mexican problem. The rest of the year was spent trying to figure out what the children of the Training Schools should study. Dr. Bobbitt, of Chicago, led off with a talk on curriculum making and we made curriculum all the time thereafter. Committees met and then met some more and then some more committees met. What the product will be is still in the offing.

The last event for the year is always a trip and picnic. Wherever we go care is left behind and we frolic and sport in some wholesome nook of nature—just a rest and a good, good time.

—Clyde L. Lyon

Good-bye to My Room

I stand in the doorway—
The sun from the west
Is tinting to golden
The room I love best.
Stored up in these walls
That now hold my gaze
Are deep nights of slumber
And long sunny days.
It has rung to glad laughter,
Has known a few tears,
And now I am leaving
This home of two years.

May she who will follow
Fall under the spell
Of its cozy enchantment.
I know it full well
That if all the good wishes
I wish to her here
Were to come to fulfillment,
There would reappear
The spirit of fellowship,
Comradeship dear,
The room's vital presence,
The Genii of Cheer.

FRANCES FORSTER

Chapter 7: Musical

Gay songs of birds from swaying tree-
tops drift,
Wind-borne, the notes of joy from far
and near;
Yet high above these, voices lightly
lift
The tones of youth, and happiness rings
clear;
And one who marvels at the bluebird's
trill
Stands aweful while the outbursts of
youths' hearts rise sweeter still.

Treble Clef

It is six-thirty Monday evening. Our president, Margaret Johnson, calls the chattering mob to order. Amid much confusion the secretary, Adene Bergman, calls the roll. By the time the roll has been taken the noise has somewhat subsided, and we listen to the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. Each one of us is able to repeat from memory the familiar phrases. We await the final, "Is there any business?" (Silence) "If not, the meeting is adjourned."

Enter Mr. Annas. He sits down at the piano and strikes a chord. We jump up eagerly and sing, "Good-evening, everybody—." Then there is a clamor from the old members for the "Friendship Song." Don't we "just love" that song, girls? Later we got to work on the operetta, "Carrie Comes to College," that we gave with the Melodie Klub. In this operetta we portrayed typical college life with our yells, in songs and dances, and were proud of ourselves, especially Ethel Comisky who took the part of Carrie, and Melvin Eide who played Spencer. Who could have made a better Ma Jenkins than Mildred Haffron? She was a "scream" from start to finish. What suspense we had over Tommy (Eddie Bowers) and Bobby (Helen Cahill). And Paul Ryan—wasn't Fred just himself! And the rest of us—don't forget US!

We have had our play-time too. We have the pleasant memory of a delightful tea and bridge one afternoon in Mrs. Annas's attractive colonial living rooms. Again, amid many hearts, we danced at Williston Hall.

With the leadership of Mr. Annas and Miss Wiswall, and the patience of our accompanist, Fernandine Bowers, the Treble Clef had a good year, one that we shall remember happily. And now—

"We're through."

—Marjorie McDermand

A Singer of Old Songs

She was a singer of old songs. She sang many songs all through the long days and long, long nights. And once, as she was singing, the gods heard her songs and fashioned her into a song blended of the old, old songs she sang.

The gods bent low and breathed a song of autumn trees into her hair. The gods looked long and sang a song of seas into her eyes. The gods smiled slow and brushed a song of morning dawn onto her lips. And then the gods looked into her heart—and there, into its gold they molded a song of love for sweet content.

Years came and with them came a song of love. And then the cadenced voice sang high and sweet, and sang of many joys. She sang of nights of whitest stars, and days of lake-blue skies; and of the white rose of contentment, and the red rose of sweetness. And, not so strangely, all the songs held a new meaning.

Years came and were gone, and came and were gone, and she wove the years that came and the years that were gone into a spinning-song. And into the spinning-song she threaded the purple tint of climbing wistaria; the shelter of a low, white, house; and the quietude of a drowsy town. And into the spinning-song she wove the white toil of tireless hands, the gray shadows of calm sorrows, and the calm of unquestioning faith.

Years were gone and then—the evening. And as it faded into stillness, it traced a smile upon her lips. And so—she sang no more.

And we remember—she was a singer of old songs.

—Gladys Simonsen

Melodie Klub

The mystery is solved. Now we know where all that gurgling of notes took place. It always happened about eleven-twenty every Tuesday and Thursday morning; and the sound came from the music hall on the third floor of the East wing. It was the Melodie Klub of course. It is made up of men of the college who are sufficiently endowed with the ability to shift the voice in producing certain harmonious effects.

Away back there before the war the organization was born, but as the declaration of war summoned most of the songsters, the activities of the Melodie Klub ceased for the time being. It was again re-organized in the Fall of 1921, and down to the present time has been one of the leading organizations of N. I. S. T. C. With great anticipation the school looks forward to the annual party. And then—how could "Carrie Come to College" without the Melodie Klub?

The Klub has gone even farther than the school to make the "glad hearts gay." It has furnished the dinner clubs of the city with melodious selections. Towns near by have enjoyed its music. But most of all, the Melodie Klub has enjoyed these singing times. The boys like to sing—especially when they sing under the windows of the fair Dorm maidens.

—W. E. Swarthout

The Orchestra

Mr. Annas—"One, two,—nine,—sixteen,—I guess we're all here, Mr. Gullickson." Now comes a scramble for good places, punctuated by frequent admonitions of one to another to look pleasant so as not to spoil the picture. At this time, also, Evelyn cautions "Kully" to remember to close his mouth in time so that his face can show.

Through hard work, under the capable direction of Mr. Annas, the orchestra has made great progress and has rendered a number of delightful selections during general exercise periods. In all, there are twenty members—violins: Carl Anderson, Kathryn Vanderbeck, Evelyn Peterson, Linnea Peterson, Mary Pokorny, Dora Rasmussen, Lucille Willreth, Ione Lyon, Ruth Ritzman, and June Carlstrom; clarinets: Reid Brooks, Eugene Klemm, Maud Pahaly, and Doris Beiler; cornets: Frank Wiltse, Perry Woods, and Theodora De Young; trombone: Max Larson; saxaphone: Bernard Donnelly; piano: Beatrice Skoglund.

—Mary Pokorny

Chapter 8: Social

When all our work is done comes playtime's hour.
In social groups we meet for talk and sport
And from each other borrow thought and power
And gain a mite of someone else's forte.
These times of laughter, happiness, and fun
We shall remember tenderly in days to come.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Ruth Oliphant ..... *President*
Faith Hanstine ..... *Vice President*
Marjorie McDermand ..... *Secretary*
Gladys Hayford ..... *Treasurer*
Lenore Johnson ..... *Social Service*
Molly Yaffe ..... *World Fellowship Chairman*
Sarah Stiles ..... *Social Chairman*
Georgea Farnam ..... *Program Chairman*
Lucille Gunning ..... *Bible Study Chairman*
Lucille Rorig ..... *Publicity Chairman*
Ruth Stone ..... *Finance Chairman*
Margaret Johnson ..... *Music Chairman*

Miss Y. W. C. A. and Her Diary

SEPTEMBER—School days again, and our Annual Mixer. Elmer Rich sure made a hit in that stunning dress! We had lots of fun at our lantern parade, too, with only the frogs on the banks of the lake as an audience to our songs. We have a Sunday School in the "dorm" now.

OCTOBER—We made a new friend. Miss Hamilton spent a few days with us and talked to us. A good discussion group on "Friendship" rounded out this month.

NOVEMBER—A full month. Our famous Fall Carnival inaugurated the merry month of November, and a joint meeting with Mr. Y. M. C. A., the Reverend Mr. Field as speaker, brought it to a close.

DECEMBER—The month of Christmas cards, caroling, fireside stories and—Milwaukee! Miss Bellis, Gladys Hayford, Ruth Oliphant, and Margaret Johnson were the lucky ones to go to that world-famous conference.

JANUARY—This month brought forward something new—a prohibition speaker—Mr. Boyd P. Doty. Mr. Doty spoke at a joint banquet, which was attended by both Miss Y. W. C. A. and Mr. Y. M. C. A. This month also brought forth a discussion meeting on "Associations with Men."

FEBRUARY—The all-important topic of men was continued into the month of February. We also talked about the League of Women Voters with the past County President and the present County President as our guests. Miss Whitman gave us an exceedingly interesting review of the life of Catherine The Great, of Russia.

MARCH—We had with us on this month the illustrious Conrad Hoffman of Europe, who has charge of the distribution of money given by the students of America to the students of Europe. From this interest we turned our thoughts to lighter things—Spring Clothes! Miss Strahan gave us a few illuminating suggestions. Later in the month some of us went to the Elmhurst Service Conference for a few days.

APRIL—This month meant the "coming of the 'supes' ". We were hostesses to nearby schools for a Cabinet Training Conference; as well as to our High School when we had our get-together party. At one of our meetings Mr. Lyon enchanted us by another of his ever-famous readings.

MAY—School is almost over, and Spring has its powerful effects. We didn't have much to do, and we didn't feel as though we wanted much to do. Our Diary is full. We shall store it away among our other precious possessions. Adios! year of sweet memories!

—RUTH OLIPHANT

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. has had rather rough sledding this year. It has been almost as hard to keep a president in office as it is in Nicaragua. Paul Prickett officiated the first half of the year. Ted Williams then took over the duties of chief, but graduated in February. Edwin Spacie, as vice-president, is filling both positions at the present time. The other officers are: Van Wilder Joslin, secretary, and Reid Brooks, treasurer.

In the fall of the year, each organization helped to make the Fall Festival, which was sponsored by the Y. M. C. A., a success.

H. A. C.

These girls may be known by the tiny silver teapots they wear, inscribed with H. A. C., which the other students say stands for Household Arts Club, but those who are on the inside know that it means something else. H. A. C. stands for ascetic acid, better known as vinegar; so beware, ye men who have serious intentions about any girl who wears such a pin, for she probably will pickle everything.

The Household Arts Club, affiliated with the national organization, is composed of girls taking the home economics course. These girls meet once a month to discuss any business that may be put before them. In this discussion period the girls learn the things that will soon enable them to hold highly respected places in the world. After the business meeting the girls usually played their favorite game, "Michigan"—with matches—and even now there are so many I O U's out that some of the girls are afraid of flunking their courses.

Besides these discussion groups and social times, the girls had their H. A. C. dance in March of this year. The delightfulness of it will live long in the memories of all who attended. It is true that these memories of college are the best—and memories of H. A. C. will linger long after some of the others have passed.

—ELLA LINDERHOLM . .

Town Girls

RECIPE FOR A "CLUB SANDWICH"

Sixteen smart, good-looking girls in a
House with plenty of parking space.
Athletics, with a generous helping of
Fun will add a good color to the mixture.
Enthusiasm in a moderate amount with slices of
Responsibility will form a good foundation.

Compliments will improve the flavor, but
Laughter is much healthier. If these substances are well mixed
Unity will be the result. Put a generous sprinkling of
Boys over the mixture before serving.

—Grace Souder

TERWILLIGER HOUSE

'MEMBER WAY BACK WHEN———

—Esther Makele put a large paper sack, supposedly containing Parker House rolls in the oven to warm, and when Eva Henderson took them out to put them on the table, they had by some magic turned into balls of socks rolled up and intended for charity? Dry eating, Eva!
—George Terwilliger was an authority on "grass widows?"
—Frances Mayo got 365 letters a year; and if the "daily" was delayed, a "special" arrived at night?
—Lilah Backer wanted to know if Mr. Carlson's electric corn popper had to be "shook" or would shake itself?
—Our fair representative from East St. Louis, Gertrude Morgan, recited the tragedy of Reginald and Anne?
—Elinor Desmond's conception of the size of our campus was one square acre? Oh for dumb people! I'll bite!
—The Terwilliger house played bridge—and more bridge—and then some more bridge!

—Elinor Desmond

THE RICKARDITES

COMBINE

Agnes Carlson's fount of knowledge,
Bernice Conibear's cheerfulness,
Charlotte Abelman's pep,
Cornelia Conibear's earnestness,
"Curly" Marshall's carefree manner,
"Dot" Feeney's radiant health,
"Dotty" Kitchin's generosity,
Ella Harrison's sunniness,
Esther Austin's musical bent,
Esther Howland's thoughtfulness,
Evelyn Jarvis's charm,
Frances Forster's wit,
Helen Livingston's friendliness,
Marcele Kohne's gladness,
Martha Carlson's ingenuity,
Stella Bussan's leadership—

And you have
The PERFECT GIRL;
But with each in her place
You have sixteen, happy, wholesome
Rickardites.

Williston Hall

And there are things we can't forget!

Mice
Strident alarm clocks
Silverware-wipers' Brigade
Mad dashes for cleaning implements on Saturday
The mail lane waiting for mail from the male
Friendly "Scotty"
Chocolate pudding
A full laundry room—sans tubs—sans irons—sans everything
Babe Ruth home runs to get in on time
Ravenous red ants
"Juliettes" on the stair balcony dance nights
Toast—half and half
Gay spreads (secret and otherwise)
Serenades by the melodious Melodie Klub
Warning bells
Watchful proctors
Bridge at all hours
Stealthy glimpses from upper windows—10:29.

—Gladys Hayford

Senior Residents

In the Spring the dorm girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—no, not commonplace, prosaic love, but to the vital question, "Will I or will I not get back into the dorm next year?" Only a Freshman resident can realize such a merry-go-round of feelings. Before the list of the Senior Residents is posted each Freshman girl reviews her life for the past year and wonders if she will be voted back in the dorm. The day the list is posted is one of great excitement for all. The title, "Senior Honor Residents for Next Year," appears in bold type across the glaring, white paper. Each girl reads nervously up and down the list and there—oh—oh—yes—her very own name! Never before has that Freshman appreciated the queer combination of vowels and consonants which were thrown together for her by her doting parents. When she has heard how the Senior Residents are chosen she marvels to find her name amongst those present. Seeing her name on the list gives a definite feeling of satisfaction for she realizes that she has distinguished herself—that she is an accepted girl among girls. It is with pride that she dons the Senior Resident pin, a unique black enamel diamond shaped pin bearing the letters W H in gold, for to the world at large it tells that the wearer is a Senior Resident at Williston Hall—an honor coveted by every Freshman.

—Lucille Rorig

Dorm Girls' Pals

I have always liked the dormitory and I know there is an army of others who like it, too. We "dorm" girls need never be lonesome. We have with us at all times an army of friends—friends a million times smaller than we—yet friendlier than our pals of huge stature.

They have the same likes and tastes that we have. Our pals of huge stature do not always like the same kind of food we do, but at mess calls our army of little friends comes marching forward. It matters not what food we have on hand; they like it and are satisfied, for the simple reason that this food is more wholesome than the army rations on which they are fed. They also like our choice of clothes. Perhaps you have noticed that most of our dresses are ornamented with strings of red beads. What is more, they have an eye for color, for they choose our brightest garments for their parade grounds. They have the same taste for books that we have. It makes no difference whether they are given an Education book or a copy of the "Shiek"; they like literature of the deeper type as well as that of a lighter vein. Whether the book be large or small we find them poring desperately over its contents. They are more studious than we, for they have an intense yearning for knowledge, and even go with us to our classes.

With pleasure I toast this army of friends, small of stature, but the most companionable, the most friendly, and the most easily satisfied of friends—the Red Ants upon whose home of sandy loam Williston Hall has its foundation.

—Bernice Holmberg

Chapter 9: Athletic

We know the great out-doors:
The joys of early morning hikes are ours—
The singing lark that high above us soars,
The long brown road bordered with
dew-wet flowers,
And over all, a surge of life and health
That rises in us—youth's heritage and
wealth.

W. A. A.

This organization stands for one compact team, playing a continuous game throughout the year. Their field is made of PEP, SPORTSMANSHIP, and LOYALTY to the school. The final score of the game is the development of the girls physically, as well as the standard of high ideals that count in the game of life.

Looking at this year's game we note that W. A. A. arrived safe on "first base" with many loyal and enthusiastic Freshmen members who aided greatly in putting over Homecoming. "Second base" was reached when the football team was given its banquet by the W. A. A. The very successful W. A. A. week-end was the team's "third base." At last, they came in on a "home run" with perhaps their sweater grasped tightly in one hand, and their high ideals of sportsmanship held high in the other. Altogether this gives them an exceedingly successful final score. Always will the members of the team remember this real game they played for W. A. A.

—Alice L. Shaler

Hiking Days

Brrr—it's cold. Wonder how many will go this morning. The curtain flies up and reveals a pitch black sky. It is so early—four thirty—that the cocks have not as yet begun to crow. How spooky it is to start out alone! The street lights are shining all too dimly—an ideal situation for a robbery, or even a kidnapping. The ghastly white moon rolls out from behind thick purplish-black clouds: let's run! There's the corner—but where are the hikers? Oh, there they are! The heart beats normally once again.

Remember this, ye hikers. What if the uninitiated have classed you with the mentally deranged! They know not the meaning of precious W. A. A. points—and the joy of the white N. I. sweater.

—Marie Buskie

Cheer Leaders

Y-e-a-h! T-e-a-m!
Y-e-a-h! T-e-a-m!
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Y-e-a-h! T-e-a-m!

The pigskin flies into the air. They're off! Peg and Rich are before us—concentrating our enthusiasm into yells which will reach the boys out on the field.

Ten minutes later. Watch that line! The enemy's going through for a touchdown! Again Peg and Rich are on the horizon, pulling from us yells. Yells that vibrate from one end of town to the other. Yells which leave us gasping for breath.

Fifteen minutes more. A fumble! a pickup! Go—Gang—Go! Get that man! He's going for a touchdown! Peg and Rich dart out in front of us. They go through some more contortions. We follow them—we feel our throats getting "rah-er" and "rah-er" every minute.

Three minutes to go! We're on our own two yard line. The team needs help—it needs encouragement. Peg and Rich bound to the front. They start the chant —*"Hold that line—hold that line—hold, etc."*

The end! A victory!

Three cheers for Peg and Rich, our peppy, red-hot cheerleaders. The W. A. A. and Varsity Club squeezed many a dime from the student body through the sale of hot-dogs, and candy for the sweaters which were to go to the prize cheerleaders. And Peg and Rich won them. Yea, N. I.! Now we're ready for any fight.

YEA, PEG! YEA, RICH!

—Alice Shaler

Varsity Club

The Varsity Club, consisting of the cheerleader, managers, and men making their letters in any of the branches of the major sports, is one of the important organizations at N. I. Perhaps it is so important because it is an organization for *men only*—real, red-blooded he-men!

The men in the Varsity Club showed their wares in true N. I. style in all of the games, always giving their best. They will remember the jangling around the dressing room, the donning of sweaty togs, and the yells of the coach, "All right—around the track for you." They will remember all this and of course they will not forget their part in Homecoming—that red letter event that everyone remembers now as a mixture of red devils, bon-fire speeches, smoke, floats, a soggy field, and—THE GAME! Thanks to "Pope" Turner, Varsity Club president, and the help of the whole school, Homecoming went over "big" this year. Varsity Club has done much to promote true school spirit. We hope they keep up the good work.

—Richard Tazewell

Our School

Our boundless debt
We shall ne'er forget
Though we travel on lengthening trails,
For held we shall be
Though we seem to be free,
By a bond that never fails,
By warming, wistful dreaming,
By a memory that cheers
As it shows the school that holds us
Hands clasped across the years.

Sing sweetly and low,
For we know though we go,
We are friends forever and aye.
Hearts that remember reach round the earth
And friends have no need for tears,
Their sorrow gives way to gladness and mirth—
Hands clasped across the years.

—Evelyn Bull

Chapter 10: Alumni

We shall return when springtime calls again
And brings to us old scenes that we once knew;
The dimpled lake in mists of gentle rain,
With white clouds floating on its mirrored blue,
And in its depths the upset towers of gray
That wait to welcome back the wanderers from near and far away.

Greetings from the Philippine Islands

To my fellow alumni whose inspiration and lovely memory have been my guiding star in all my teaching career; to my respected professors whose influence in shaping the character of thousands of young men and young women to make them fit for the teaching profession is everlasting; and to that admirable group of young Americans who make up the student body of the Northern Illinois State Teachers College, I send greetings. The voice of "come back" and the irresistible urge of "stand by" are heard by me from across the wide continent and the vast ocean. With the class spirit of 1907, and a clear vision of the castle on the hill with its ivy covered walls, I want to go back to tell my dear Alma Mater that since I left her portals, for nineteen years I have been giving out of my life all that I received from her. I surely will stand by.

—Antonio Nera, 1907

Sorsogon, Sorsogon, P. I.
March 29, 1927

Edla Victoria Anderson

Class of 1915

Her life was a life of service, beautiful in its simplicity and sincerity. Her fine preparation, sunny disposition, and splendid enthusiasm endeared her to all who knew her as a teacher, a missionary, a friend. Few were her years, yet full, for she had learned from the Master how to live "more abundantly." Although hers was the supreme sacrifice, she willingly said, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be Done."

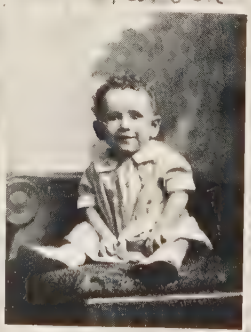
—Bena M. Peterson

Mary Barbara Patten

Jean Guild

Priscella and Natalie Parson

Aline Barr



Charles Barr

Anne Swanson

Paul Harrison Jr.

Rachel Gabe

Shirley Patter

Milo Oakland

Questioning

Do you make a daily record of the food that they digest?

Do you heed the laws of costume that they may be fitly dressed?

Do you make a good "Adviser"? Can they go to shows at all?

Do you ever call out firmly "Let's have quiet in the hall?"

Do you teach them how to reason? Can they "think a problem through"?

Do you always have their new ideas come a-la-Rousseau?

And when you think they're naughty—and they seem to be contrary,

Do you call to mind Psychology—may it be hereditary?

—**Norma Stelford**

N. I. Cradle Roll

Just Thinking

Oh! dear to my heart are the mem'ries of college,
With feverish bewilderment, I pause to reflect
On the fragmentary facts as they hastily gather,
And innocently threaten my staid thoughts to wreck.
I cannot however forget and abandon
Those happy old days filled with jocular mirth,
As well as with heartaches and fears of a failure;
A lingering tenderness pervades this old earth
When I think of the college, the State Teachers College,
With its mellow refinement and practical worth.

How meditatively silent the stately old towers,
What shimmering gaiety—the mirroring lake,
How delightfully inviting the halls and the classrooms,
How rapid a journey, my mind seems to take.
I now seek the shrines of the many instructors,
Their master achievement—the molding of lives
Of quavering culprits into qualified teachers,
And at this conclusion, my mind soon arrives:
With such regular recurrence do folk seek admission,
Through tolerance and forebearance, the faculty survives.

From this soft allurement and most pleasing reverie,
My swift fleeting thoughts now their way seem to wend
Back to my real life; while the trees on the campus,
In deep thoughtful silence, this message now send:
"Go back to your school, filled with treasured possessions;
Give to them kindness, inspiration and light;
With untiring energy, put forth your best efforts,
Work with all vigor, enthusiasm and might.
The worthy achievements accomplished at College
In a measure are yours." Yes! the old trees are right!

—Gladys C. Jackman '22

The Staid Alumna

There was once a Frivolous Flapper who was registered as a Solemn Sophomore in a Collegiate Institution, and the Pin she wore said N. I. in Large Letters. This Silly Student had one Fond and Favorite Ambition —to become a Staid Alumna. So she wore Loud Clothes, used Slang, raved about the Ten-thiry Rule, and Worked Hard. As last she became so Sufficiently Proficient a Pedagogue that the Head of the Institution presented her with the Conventional Sheepskin. She got a Notice of her Alumna Dues and Thought to Herself, "Staid Alumna—that's Me."

Because she had never been Caught out Riding after Dark she got a Job. She approached on the First Day with Severity, Solemnity, and Sagacity. And that Night she had a Date. When Time had Gone On for quite a while, they called in the Family Physician. He polished his Spectacles and spoke thus, "Nervous Breakdown—Too Late Hours. You can't be a good Teacher and Step Out so Much."

The Patient raised up on One Elbow, and cried in Accents Loud and Clear, "I would rather Die than not have a Good Time." And she Did. MORAL: No Frivolous Flapper can be really A Staid Alumna until she is an Old Woman.

—The Punctilious Pedagogue

To the Alumni

High upon a wooded hilltop
Stands a castle old and gray
Reaching out its many fingers
To the ones who've gone away,
Luring them with taunting mem'ries
To come back again some day.
In our fancies we shall see it
As we wander far and near,
Catch a glimpse of silent griffins;
Hear the waters running clear,—
And our hearts will turn to reveries
Of our Alma Mater dear.

—Ruth Stone

BOOK THREE

Chapter 11: Men's Athletics

We know the joys of games fast played and well,
Of striving with our skill and strength and mind,
Yet keeping back the passions we must quell,
And caring not that we are left behind
Beaten but unconquered when we're done,
For if we have played fair our game, then have we truly won.

Coach Cowell

Everyone realizes that a coach has one of the most disagreeable and thankless tasks that an individual could have, and for this reason we want our coach to know that we appreciate his work in our college. He has put in long weary hours in training his teams and often working against heavy odds. He has instilled in his teams an indomitable spirit which has helped them in athletics and will continue to help them in later life. We can easily see his character reflected in the magnanimous manner in which our teams have faced victory and defeat. N. I. is very fortunate in having a coach of the calibre of coach Roland Cowell. Coach Cowell, we thank you.

Concidine

Concidine may be termed the "all around athlete" for two reasons: first, because he has participated in all the athletics at this college; and second, because he is just that. "Wes" is the kind of player that does not play for personal glory, but it is obvious that he always has the interests of the school in mind. He has the singular distinction of being captain of the Football and Basket-ball Teams this year, and his leadership has spurred the boys to many victories.

"Conci" will be back next year and we are all "rarin" to see him go.

TOP ROW: Vieregg, Riddlesburger, Roundy, Bower, Maushauk, Nicholas
SECOND ROW: Coach Cowell, Turner, Hedburg, Concidine, (Capt.), Davis, Miller, Andreas
BOTTOM ROW: Berg, Ritzman, Larson, Silverstone, Altenderfer, Martin.

Season Schedule

N. I. S. T. C. 8	AMERICAN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION	0
N. I. S. T. C. 7	ST. BEDE'S	7
N. I. S. T. C. 0	COLUMBIA	19
N. I. S. T. C. 14	WISCONSIN SCHOOL OF MINES	0
N. I. S. T. C. 32	ELMHURST	0
N. I. S. T. C. 3	INDIANA STATE NORMAL	0
N. I. S. T. C. 6	CRANE COLLEGE	0
Total Points 70	Opponents	26

GAMES WON 5 GAMES LOST 1 ONE TIE

Football Lettermen

ROUNDY—*End*

"Turk" had the honor of making the first and last touchdowns of the season. A better end is hard to find.

TURNER—*Tackle*

"Hot Stove," "Pope" sure could crack them when they hit tackle. Do we like him—I'll say.

SILVERSTONE—*Guard*

"Rudy" had a habit of being "off side" once in a while, but that just showed how eager he was to sock "em" down.

HEDBERG—*Center*

"Red" looked like a mountain in the center and we'll venture more than one of the enemy thought so.

RIDDLESBERGER—*Guard*

Frank played the guard position in true N. I. style. He will be back next year and just watch him go.

DAVIS—*Tackle*

"Butch." "They shall not pass" was his motto and when this sturdy tackle hit "em" they stopped.

Football Lettermen

MILLER—*Guard*

"Miller" could always be depended upon to plug or make a hole in the enemy line.

BOWER—*Guard*

"Chicken" was about the best natured man on the team. He took the hard knocks with a smile. We hope to see him in a N. I. football suit again next fall.

VIEREGG—*Halfback*

"Johnny" knew football and was fast and shifty. He was handicapped by injuries a great part of the season.

KEEFE—*Fullback*

Keefe excelled in carrying the ball, his long runs often paving the way for touchdowns.

RITZMAN—*Halfback*

Ritzman's line plunges many times made the necessary yard or two for a first down. Graduation will take Paul from us next year.

NICHOLAS—*Halfback*

"Nick's" accurate passes helped N. I. to make many a long gain. His fighting spirit held to the last whether winning or loosing.

LARSON—*Quarterback*

"Smoke" was the triple threat man of the team. His punts were good and he was a sure passer. Though light he was a deadly tackler.

Review of the Season

At the beginning of the 1926 football season Coach Cowell was greeted with twenty willing aspirants, eight of whom were veterans. The new mentor had three weeks in which to develop a machine that could step on Glidden Field and uphold the honor of former N. I. teams. The American College of Physical Education was the first victim of Coach Cowell's fast stepping eleven. A pass from "Nick" to Roundy scored the only touchdown. The next week the team travelled to Peru to do battle with the strong St. Bedans. A tie score of seven to seven was the result. After two weeks rest the Cowellmen rode and pushed their way over the hills to Dubuque, Iowa. Coach Elmer Layden and his Columbia College eleven uncorked a trick or two of theirs in football and as a result our warriors received a 19-0 setback. N. I. showed a surprising defense and kept the galloping Irish from parading over our goal line.

Captain Concidine and his men now returned for a four game series on our own gridiron. The Wisconsin Engineers were sent home empty handed. It was in this game that Keefe found his stride and kept it until he was injured in the Indiana State Normal game. Elmhurst did not offer much in the way of opposition and after capering around on some Illinois real estate for awhile, they found themselves on a short end of a 32-0 count. Keefe again demonstrated his ability as a sprinter and scored four touchdowns. With "Butch" Davis and his trusty toe in van, N. I. squeezed out a 3-0 victory over Indiana State Normal before a large homecoming crowd. This game marked the success of the season and every man on the team came in for equal honors. All the efforts Crane College could put forth went for naught and all they got was a nice round goose egg.

Much credit is due the fast and scrappy backfield which was composed of Larson, Nicholas, Keefe, Ritzman, and Vieregg. They gave some fine exhibitions of carrying the ball, and their ever alertness and eagle eyes kept their opponents' long gains pretty well scattered. The very-nearly impregnable line put up the best defensive playing ever seen on Glidden field. Not once did enemy cleats mark the turf behind our goal posts on the home lot.

We may say without exaggeration that N. I. S. T. C. has experienced one of the most successful seasons of many years. The spirit of cooperation of everyone concerned was certainly inspiring. Large crowds witnessed our battles and a fine spirit pervaded throughout the season. With many of the men returning next fall we have great hopes for the 1927 season.

TOP ROW: Martin, (Manager), Ritzman, Huntzicker, Roundy, Concidine, (Capt.), White, Turner, Rosier, Biehl, M. Hansen.
BOTTOM ROW: Jahns, Larson, Williams, Maushauk, Bower, E. Hansen.

Season Schedule

St. Bede's	12	N. I. S. T. C.	44
Wartburg	11	N. I. S. T. C.	30
Arkansas	20	N. I. S. T. C.	54
Milton	17	N. I. S. T. C.	33
Aurora	19	N. I. S. T. C.	69
Aurora	20	N. I. S. T. C.	36
Columbia	18	N. I. S. T. C.	21
Armour	18	N. I. S. T. C.	17
Chicago "Y"	16	N. I. S. T. C.	43
Ypsilanti	35	N. I. S. T. C.	39
Milton	21	N. I. S. T. C.	37
Columbia	23	N. I. S. T. C.	42
Wartburg	29	N. I. S. T. C.	43
St. Bede's	8	N. I. S. T. C.	47
Valparaiso	16	N. I. S. T. C.	24
Armour	17	N. I. S. T. C.	26
Indiana State Normal	26	N. I. S. T. C.	43
Crane	25	N. I. S. T. C.	58
Valparaiso	22	N. I. S. T. C.	57

Basket-ball Lettermen

TURNER—*Center*

Turner possesses a humorous disposition which went far in keeping the boys in a cheerful state of mind. His superior playing made him an asset to our superior team.

HUNTZICKER—*Forward*

"Tuck" was the sharp shooter who made them when they counted most. Injuries hindered his floor game but he was the gamest fighter on the team.

COACH COWELL AND MANAGER MARTIN

Coach Cowell and Manager Martin have labored faithfully in the interests of the team. With a combination of this type we would expect a great team and no one was disappointed.

HANSEN—*Guard*

Hansen was our tower of strength on the defense when it came to tightening up. He made a very capable mate to Captain Concidine.

WHITE—*Forward*

White is the smoothest, easiest working player that ever graced a basketball suit. It is hard to imagine seeing a better forward performer.

Basket-ball Lettermen

RITZMAN—*Forward*

"Ritz" was always there to help in emergency. His ability to perform was never questioned. N. I. will miss him next year.

BIEHL—*Center*

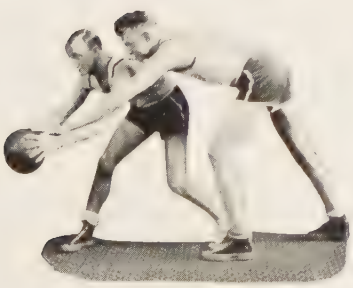
Biehl was our "follow up artist" and besides this he played a remarkable floor game. He could be depended upon to get the tip-off and this often wins a basket-ball game.

ROUNDY—*Guard*

Roundy was a stalwart guard who always played his place in a flawless manner. Graduation will take Roundy from us, but his athletic record will still remain.

CONCIDINE—*Guard*

Basket-ball guards of "Conci's" calibre are seldom developed. He was the outstanding star on the team and a versatile man in any position.



ROSIER—*Forward*

Rosier was another high class performer and he has worked hard to hold his place among the best.

1926 - Basket-ball - 1927

Without doubt N. I. has enjoyed one of the most successful basket-ball seasons in her history. High hopes were entertained by Coach Cowell when the cage season began. He had a galaxy of former high school stars besides four lettermen from the last season. With Concidine, Huntzicker, Biehl, and Turner as a nucleus about which to build a team, Coach Cowell selected the two Elburn luminaries in the persons of White and Hansen to fill out the Varsity line-up. With first string substitutes as Rosier, Roundy, Ritzman, and "Smoke" Larson gracing the sidelines, there was little doubt in the minds of the loyal supporters as to the success of the season.

A heavy schedule of nineteen games was arranged by Coach Cowell, and everyone realized that in order to win them a good team was necessary. Captain Concidine and his troop of wicket artists have lived up to all that could ever be hoped, and Coach Cowell deserves much credit for the manner in which he handled his men throughout the season.

St. Bede's had the honor of being the first team to oppose N. I.'s high powered quintet. Twelve points were all the visitors could annex while the score keepers stopped at forty-three when they could not keep up with "Tuck" Huntzicker and White any longer. Wartburg, the Arkansas Aggies, Milton, and Aurora tried in vain to check the Teachers smooth working combination, only to find themselves hopelessly outclassed.

When the time came for the Profs to jaunt over to Columbia, Mr. Layden did not know whether to start his second or third string team against N. I. When the game began he had little trouble in deciding that it might be well to put in the best he had and make somewhat of a worth while showing. Huntzicker's deadly eye went a long way in eeking out a 21 to 18 victory.

In a battle that will be long remembered, Armour pulled an 18 to 17 victory out of the evening's scramble. Both teams displayed a puncture proof defense which is well demonstrated in the fact that "Tuck" had to shoot through the beams to boost N. I.'s side of the score.

Coach Cowell's basketeers won eighteen out of the nineteen games on the regular schedule. They scored 755 points to their opponents' 373, making an average of 39 points points per game. On two occasions the Cardinal and Black won three games in as many days.

In Appreciation

I take this means to impress upon the DeKalb business men and the students of this institution our appreciation of their efforts in sending the basket-ball team to Kansas City to attend the National Basketball Championships.

The fine civic and student spirit will long remain in the minds of the members of the basket-ball squad. No doubt the good received by the basket-ball members from this trip will be of much value in the development of better teams at the Northern Illinois State Teachers College.

R. A. Cowell
Coach

TOP ROW: Vieregg, Walton, Norton, Wiltse, Hedberg, M. Hansen, Thompson, (Capt.), White, Concidine, Ritzman
SECOND ROW: Cowell (Coach), Bower, Riddlesberger, Cheli, Marshall, Turner, Thorsen, Ohlsen, Rolfe
BOTTOM ROW: Rich, Andreas, Tazwell, Martin, Eide, Berg, Jahns, Lundahl

1926 History of Our National Pastime

On a cold, dark Monday night Coach Muir pitted his troupe of "willow weilders" against the strong Aurora College. N. I. was lacking the star services of Cann as catcher, and Stevenson, snappy shortstop, due to temporary ineligibility. Captain Thompson worked flawlessly on the mound, but a total of eight errors was chalked up on N. I.'s ledger which accounted for the defeat we suffered. All but one of the seven games which remained on the schedule were victories for N. I. Concordia's fourth inning rally was too much to overcome and we were again defeated in front of a large homecoming crowd. Much of the season's success may be attributed to Captain Thompson, a mound man of high rank in this section. His baseball brains along with his heavy clouting ability gave heart to the boys in more than one game. Captain Thompson had a capable understudy in Harold "Duke" Norton, the "speed ball artist." "Duke" will captain the 1927 baseball team and for this one reason it should be a success.

The Kansus Sity Exkershun

by Slow Shoe Pal

When we met at the stashun tu hook a frate fur Kanzus Sity tha guise wuz all decked out. Biehl had swiped hiz Ol Man's pants and looked az good az tha rest uv us. Roosier hadn't shaved no wiskurs off fur 2 (to) daes but he tol me confidenshuly that tha Encumbranse had passt ovur tha razur tu quiat the Offspring wich wuz yelpun fur a seegar and tha kid had went and swallered ut. Us othur guise not havun no Noisy Haves tu bothur with wuz all rite.

Wel we finaly got away wile the krowd vibrated ther tonsuls sumthun awful. Concidine got sum uv tha boise into a game uv pitch but I don't like rastling so me and sum uv tha biskateers went out on tha vestabule wich iz tha sun parlur on both ends. Wen nite fell we crawled intu a gang uv chickun coops and did wat we cood tu thro Morfeus fur a loss. Wel we got ther all rite so tha afrikun land lady nu hiz vegetables about runnun that gallopun tee kettle.

Kanzus Sity wuz a big joint tha populashun being about wun-half millyun foruners and nine (9) burleske shows. We went to tha Sity Athaletik Club wich wuz sum shak ther being twenty tu (22) storys in ut but lots uv them wuz ol wuns and we had herd them befur. Sum little runt in the lobby (wich iz tha mane bar room) wantud tu no did we want a sweet. We ignored hir . We ased anotheur guy about ar stalls and he sez duz we want a sweet. Hanson wiped tha ears and a few teeth off hiz rite mud hook and we went upsters being all fed up on forun langwidge and thuruly digested with tha sity all reddy.

Tha furst thing we did wuz tu praktus in wat looked like a futball stadyum wich wuz run by a flock uv retired majurs, tha confereruts allowing them tu keep ther old unaforms.

That nite we had ar furst brawl being fixt tu tangle with Bridgeport wich wuz a ol ladys dump in Wichetaw. Uv corse we beet them az they wuzunt ackwaintud with the fack that little Eddie White wuz razed in a baskut and nu all about them.

Ar nex brawl wuz on Tuzday with Oke Park wich iz a lumbur kamp in Kanzus Sity. They wuz kind a ornery tha furst haf but az it wuz tha stile fur tha eleete tu win we drug home tha bakun az Shakspear wood say. In tha last round sum garlik-snatchur hit me a durty wallop in the i. This iz so tha Studunt Konsul wont think i bumpt it on a dor nob lookun thru a kee hole.

Tha nex dae we wuz nocked off by Saint Joesef, a haf brothur tu Patrik, az they wuz so lucky. They wuz owned by Hillyard a local spike drivur and az we wuz all caut up on Mizory we didn't mind loozing tu theez ruff nex.

Now tha teem and coche wood like tu thank thoz wat coffed up doe fur this exkershun and az a delicut hint they wood like tu go agen nex yere.

—"Pope" Turner

Alma Mater

Teachers College, Alma Mater,
Idol of our fondest dreams,
Tranquil through the furying storms,
Radiant under soft moonbeams.

We have loved thee Alma Mater,
Loath are we to say farewell;
Fain we would forever linger—
'Neath thy ivy'd towers dwell.

—Doris Rose Beiler

N. I.

Our song is a true song
Of happy days
In college ways;
Of stately towers,
Old fashioned flowers;
Of friendships true
We found with you,
N. I., N. I.

Our voice is a true voice
Of merry tales
In sylvan vales;
Of guidance fair
By leaders rare;
Of knowledge won,
With you begun,
N. I., N. I.

Our hope is a true hope
Of service free
Inspired by thee;
Of love for truth
Passed on to youth.
We'll stand by
Thy spirit high,
N. I., N. I.

—Gertrude Greeley

Chapter 12: Women's Athletics

Bright eyes and glowing cheeks and laughing lips
Portray the sparkling life that glows within.
What care we for the snow or Jack Frost's nips
When skates are sharp and there's a race to win?
Or do we mind a muddy baseball field?
With Brunhildes such as us about, 'tis weather that must yield.

Physical Education

The aims of Physical Education have changed materially in the last few years. One of these newer aims is to create an interest in physical activity which will carry over into later life in a practical way. This has made it necessary to develop a larger program of sports and athletics. Some day we hope to have every girl in school actively engaged in a sport. This universal sharing, with the accompanying elements of competition, good sportsmanship, and fair play, will not only raise the physical standard of the girls now, and in later life, but will help develop a keener and higher interest in the activities and the ideals of the school.

—Edith L. Bond

Miss Bond

Watch what happens when Miss Bond appears! Marching ceases to be merely walking—it's a science! an art! something to be perfected! And who says they're grown up? Childhood's favorite games still hold that power to excite the girls to shrieks of laughter—when Miss Bond directs. Her charges remain "grown - down" through a pleasing series of games and dances. "Pop Goes the Weasel" and pop go the gir-l-s while Miss Bond taps, claps, and counts.

After a year of such pleasurable classes with the added joy of swimming, hockey, basket-ball, and baseball, the girls of N. I. pay sincere tribute to their teacher, coach, and friend—Miss Bond.

Miss Hupprich

"Can you answer this one?" Why do unathletic girls suddenly gain an almost alarming interest in physical training? Why do swimmers say and baseball players repeat—"We had *more* fun today"? Why do "slumpers" prick their pride and straighten their backs? Whom do the grade children love? Whom do the college children choose as their pattern? What has been the cause of this sudden interest in Madison and physical education courses? Haven't you guessed? Miss Hupprich, of course.

(Quoted from Northern Illinois—April 15)

May Fete

Were your eyes ever veiled with dreams? Did you ever look at a tall column of slow smoke and find giants and genii, ghouls and goblins, and ghostly creatures hidden therein? Have you ever dozed before a gay little fire and suddenly beheld—The King of the Golden River? or Robin Hood and his merry men? or the gay company of Mother Goose?

Last May, had you been on our campus at festival time, you would have been enchanted with the gay company from out the world of Mother Goose. Against the beautiful setting of our campus, the well-loved characters lived for us again. They entered in the train of the May Queen and her fair attendants, and after the Queen had been ceremoniously crowned they went their way—or danced their ways according to their wont. A charming group of Jacks and Jills fell down the hill in a clever little dance. Knaves of Hearts stole some hearts from a group of distracted queens, and got their ears pulled for their pains by the gallant kings. Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary very primly and precisely watered

her flowers. Old King Cole sat on his throne in gorgeous attire and, "called for his pipe, and called for his bowl, and called for his fiddlers three." Goldilocks had a thrilling adventure with three bears whose home she rashly invaded. A captivating Boy Blue sounded his horn, for the sheep were in the meadow and the cows were in the corn. The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe had so many children she didn't know what to do; so she dashed madly after them in a futile attempt to restore them to order. Finally Cinderella appeared, at first in a hopelessly ragged frock, and then—lo! a princess!—resplendent in silks and jewels. Right from the land of our childhood visions stepped the prince. We recaptured our dreams and felt that we too would "live happily ever after."

After Mother Goose had waved away her troop, a group of pretty girls—changed from school frocks to Cinderella glory—danced the age-old dance of the Maypole, and then we all breathed a little sigh of satisfaction—"for a thing of beauty is a joy forever," even if it is only a memory.

—JOSEPHINE CLOGSTON

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn."

"—and they lived happily ever after."

Basket-ball

We sat in the gym room,
Each girl hopeful but afraid,
For the squad was to be posted
And the basket-ball games played.

'Tis a thrilling thing for Freshmen,
To try and hope and scheme,
And practice on the old gym floor
And maybe make the team.

Then when the Freshman squad is posted
The survivors aim at higher marks;
Uncomplaining do these athletes shun
The joy of sweets and midnight larks.

—Alice Allen

Hockey

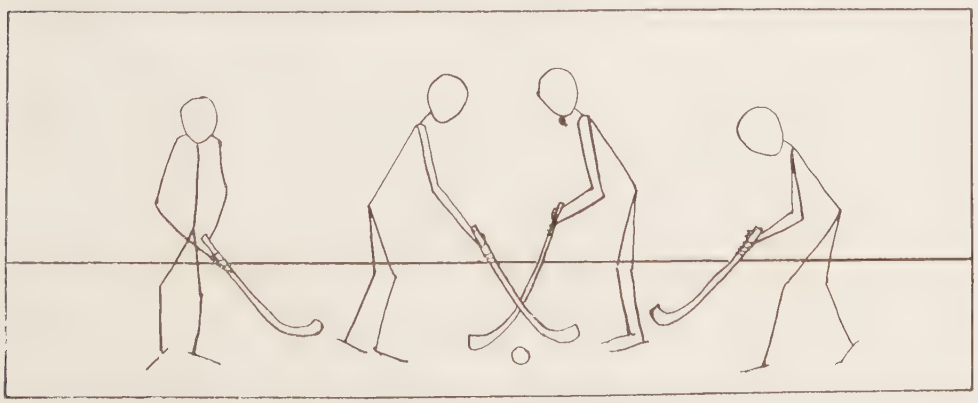
The play is Hockey! It is autumn—October! Across the last glory of old-fashioned garden, we see the Hockey field. We like the long waves of land—green shading to brown. We like to watch the wandering breezes blow through the scraggly oaks and tufted elms which the sunshine has dyed those warm autumnal colors. We like to feel the lazy wind grow brisker and whistle a livelier tune as the sun sinks in the smoky twilight.

The air is brisk and spicy, and we are thankful, for the girls must wear their gay sweaters and campus coats. Bright splashes on the somber field, they go down the field with movements as deft and graceful as the leaves which hurry before the wind. But, their movements are not the unwilled, aimless flutterings of a leaf. They pursue a ball! They have a goal! With clubs firmly grasped, eyes alight with excitement, they play up and down the field.

Week after week we see these swift Atalantas on the field. And not always is the weather soft and sunny. But though the clouds are dark and the trees are enshrouded with mists, still they "follow through." Though the skies are cold, steely blue, and the wind is bitter and sharp edged, still are they true. Fingers may be blue and cold, legs may ache with bruises, but the girls play on. They "play the game" and come running across the old-fashioned garden,—hair flying, cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling. They are full of the game and of the spirit of the great outdoors.

PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Sophomore Team, Upper *Freshman Team, Lower*



Basket-ball

Why the bustle and excitement? Why the blaze of colors and the call of whistles? The tousled hair, flushed faces, and bandaged fingers once more announced that the girls basket-ball tournament was on.

Black and Orange, Maroon and Purple, and Green and Scarlet followed each other in colorful conflict. Sixteen color teams fought for supremacy; one hundred and sixty girls, both Freshmen and Sophomores, strove valiantly to make the squad. Before crowds of cheering girls the final color elimination contest was staged, and the Green and Maroon waved high in triumph.

"Can I make the squad?" The questioners eagerly awaited the posted list of names. And then more nights of practice and more sacrifices were laid upon the altar of "keeping rules." Work? Yes! But who minds a black eye, a bruised ankle, or an unsatisfied sweet tooth when the goal is a position on the team!

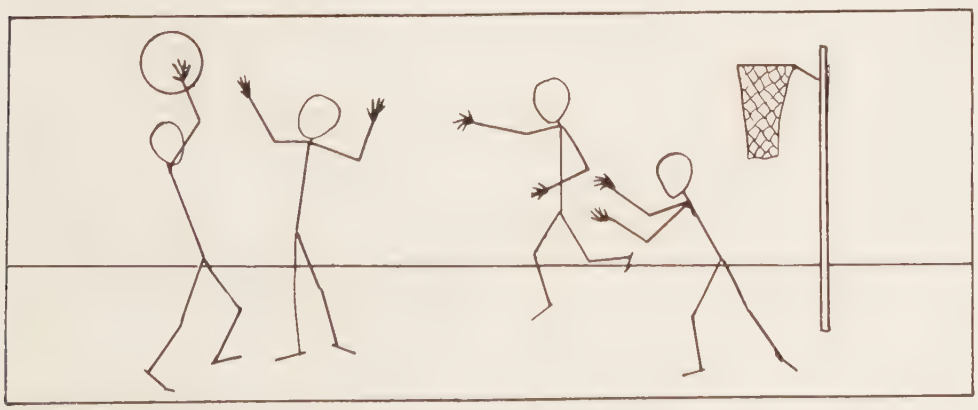
Then after weeks of hard work, the battle between the Freshmen and the Sophomores drew to its climax. Bravely beribboned with fresh green, the Freshmen fought staunchly against the Sophomores, flaunting their "danger" red. In the first encounter the Sophomores triumphed by the huge margin of one point in a score of 11-10. In the second game they were a little more convincing when they led the Freshmen in a score of 14-10.

But the scores aren't all that matter! Rather, it is the enjoyment of the game and the spirit of the teams. Glorious victory for the Reds—glorious defeat for the Greens!

—Grace Souder

Pictures on Opposite Page

Sophomore Team, Upper *Freshman Team, Lower*



Baseball

Spring brings many things,
Buds and flowers and birds that sing
And Baseball!

All the girls in their black and white
Learn what's wrong and what is right
In Baseball!

Teams are picked and the game's begun
A three-base hit and a nice home run
In Baseball!

Batters go up and batters go down
Fielders run circles round and round—
That's Baseball!

Players may strike and players may fan;
Still they are doing the best they can
In Baseball!

They may lack the science; they may lack the art
But they're right in it—mind and heart
For Baseball!

Becky Goes to College

Dearest H———

I've been so busy ever since I arrived that I'm afraid I have neglected you sadly. You see, ever since I arrived I have been in demand. The girls have already asked me to join the swimming class. I told them I had never been in a tank before and so they advised me to go into a beginner's class. I've always been good at things like that, though, so I signed up for the advanced class. I've signed up for Hockey, too; I've always thought the outfits that they wear are so cute. There's a girl here, Ruth Someone, who has the most glorious curly hair and she looks darling playing Hockey. I think that I will get a permanent and see if I can look the same. She lives in the hospital corridor in the Dorm. I wonder if she is sickly? She doesn't look it. The girls have just asked me to come out and play ball. They are all so happy around here I wonder how they do it. Sometimes I think it's because they like me so well. Everytime they come to see me or talk to me they laugh and giggle so. Well, I'm glad that I can make someone happy.

I must close now. All my love,

Becky

P. S. I asked about the hospital corridor. The girls who are so smart that they don't have to study are put in there, and then they can make all the noise they want to without being heard.

Love, Becky

Dearest H———

I'm so thrilled. I'm going over to swimming for the first time now. I'll tell you more about it later———

Becky

I'm back. Well, I guess they are glad I am in that class. When I left, the teacher, Miss Bond, said that I had given her some altogether new ideas on swimming. In fact, she said that I was a very unusual type of person to have in an advanced swimming class. The first time in, I climbed down the ladder in the shallow end of the pool, but she said that would never do, that an advanced student in swimming always jumped in. Of course, I was new at the thing and never thought to question her again. I did as she told me to, and now I'm afraid I will not go to bed to-night. At least I shall not do much exercise which will require bending at the waist. No one else is in the same condition, so I have made no remarks. We have to walk for points to join the W. A. A. After all, this is a part of my education, and I must do my duty to my school. They will need me in W. A. A. I think that I will rest for a while.

Dearest love,

Becky

Dearest H———

I have just come from Hockey practice. I am very pleased with my appearance in my outfit. I think I look almost as well as the Ruth girl. I have my permanent now. All I hope is that it rains soon. I don't care much for Hockey as a game. They are not as careful as they are in golf about getting away from people when they use their sticks. In fact, one of the girls hit me on the shin to-day. I was going to report her, but one of the girls was knocked out completely just as I started to run over to Miss Hupprich, who by the way, is our teacher. She was so busy for quite a while that I couldn't bear to disturb her. It's dreadful for one to be endangered all the time. The girls want to go hiking now. Ten of them are going. I asked them if they wanted to go with me and they seemed

She said that an advanced student always jumped in

to think they would be imposing, but I finally persuaded them that it wouldn't be an imposition at all. In fact, I would like to have them come with me. Good bye for this time.

All my love,

Becky

Dearest H———

I have joined the basket-ball class. We played to-day. It seems that I had the wrong idea for awhile. I thought that just as long as you got the basket, any one, it was the right thing to do. Well, the teacher took me out and told me that I was supposed to put the ball in the north basket. We were allowed to rest for awhile as I was very tired and they didn't want to go on without me. Well, when we started playing again I got the ball right away and ran down to the north basket. I had a perfectly open floor—no one came near me—and I was all ready to put the basket around the ball when the teacher blew the whistle and told me that I was supposed to go to the south basket this time. I'm the kind of a girl who likes to do things right. That is, I hate to make mistakes. I mean, I always want to do the right thing at the right time. But, how is a girl to know what to do when they just change the rules whenever they want to? I will go out for baseball though and show them what I can do.

Dearest love,

Becky

Dearest H———

At least I am doing the thing that I was cut out to do. I am playing baseball. I always knew that there was one thing alone that I should do and that I would do that thing well. I have observed the men playing and have made a study of the whole game. As Mr. Wright says, I have reduced it to a science (or was it Mr. Peterson). Anyway, through observation I have found out all about the game. I went to a game yesterday afternoon. It was a very good game, too. I figured up the score myself, giving one point for each home run. I am the kind of a girl who likes to figure things out for herself. That is, I'm not satisfied in taking someone's word for things. I mean,

I am very much pleased with my appearance in the out-fit.

I got the ball right away and ran down to the North basket.

I figure that one learns more quickly by doing the things himself. Anyway, I found the score to be twenty-three and three quarters to sixteen and one quarter. You see, in the ninth quarter, DeKalb punted out of danger, but the man who was on his way to the home basket only got to the third plate so he made three quarters of a run. The other team only got one quarter of the way around and the Captain of the DeKalb team persuaded them that it really was their turn at the club, so they only made one quarter. I think the game is very exciting and I should love to be the man behind the man with the club so that I could wear the manly looking outfit. I'm the kind of a girl that likes different things. I mean, when I see something ornate, something different, I want it. Well, that's the way I feel about the outfit. There is only one thing that I'm not quite sure about yet. You know when one of the men strikes out, everyone seems to think it is not right. Well, I'm the kind of a girl who always wants to know the where and the why of things. That is, I am always hunting for explanations. I mean, I'm the kind of a girl that don't like to see anything happen that I can't understand. Well, anyway, I can't see why the boy should be so reproved as my father has always said, "a boy should strike out for himself." Well, I felt so keenly about this that I went to Coach Cowell about it. All he said was, "Not in baseball, young lady, not in baseball." I am sure that I will get a good position on our baseball team. It will be plain to them when they see how much research I have done in this sport that I will be a great addition to the team. I suppose the next time you hear from me I will have been elected Captain of the team. After one year in College I have decided that I'm not the kind of a girl you can keep down. That is, I'm bound to succeed. I mean, at last I have gained the top of the ladder.

Dearest love,

Becky

—MARGARET HAMILTON

I'm the kind of a girl who likes different things

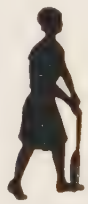
Tennis

"Service" the strings sing,
The ball is on wing,
Right in the court
A wild dash for it,
Back with all force—
"Outside? Oh, of course."

"Ball up" an ace!
Well, in that case
Here's a hard hit.
Does your stroke fit?
Back with a cut
Bounced in a rut.

What is the call?
Score is five all.
And here is a serve
Sent with a curve,
Back with a snap
Caught in your nap.

Another one spins—
I'm on needles and pins—
Over the net,
Rackets not met.
Five-forty the score—
Just a point more.



A whiz, a bounce,
The point that counts.
If it's all the same
We'll call it my game.

Dancing

The committee room! The victrola singing away! Miss Bond directing! That's the dancing class—dancing for dancing's sake. That graceful gyrating circus lady is trying to reduce! That willowy six footer wants to grow more graceful! The prayers of the "too fat" are heard first. Down the floor, up the floor, across the floor—almost up the wall—roll the two hundred pounders.

Keping time, time, time, time
In a sort of Victic rhyme
To the tin tinnabulation
That so musically swells
From the———
Br-r-r-r-r bells—time's up—dancers dance out.

Week after week, these patient revellers follow the sway of the music. Time tells. Pounds may not drop off while you watch, but steps improve before your wondering eyes. Bodies sway easily, gracefully, ecstatically. The dance is now a rhythmic expression of joy. They hum. They sing. They dance. They even dance well.

Swimming

When you glance into the tiny mirror of our swimming pool and see only the tops and backs of the gay caps, you know that you are beholding a class of terrified beginners. These seekers after strokes float from side to side—or more likely from side to middle. This is a time of much splashing and spluttering, and vain attempts to make the legs move in harmony with the arms.

The next quarter, when the water is iciclying everything outside, you may see these one time "land-lubbers" actually making a dive. This class may also be rather tuneful. You may hear that flat smacking sound so familiar to attempting divers. The strokes are coming along commendably. Indeed some of the aquatically inclined have mastered three.

Spring quarter sees the same grey tank suits, the same bright caps, but can these be those same girls? That diver—the same girl who stepped so gingerly into the pool one day early last fall? That graceful swimmer—the girl we saw tremble with the waves? See her dive! Watch that strong sweeping stroke! A swimmer!

Hiking

Walking, walking in autumn's crackling days
Along the highway, through the town,
When the sun is low and the trees, a purple haze,
Out to the viaduct—then we turn around.

Walking, walking in winter's flurry weather
Along the highway, through the town,
Out—out—and then the question whether
To go to the viaduct or turn around.

Walking, walking in spring's swift swelling tide
Along the highway, through the town,
Oh, it's better to walk than it is to ride
Out to the viaduct and then turn around.

Chapter 13: Social Functions

In our fancies we can see once more
The mazy dance wherein the couples weave,
The pastel gowns soft swaying back and fore,
Like butterflies lit on a dull black sleeve
That poise a moment just before they lift
Their wings to dip and whirl beneath their vagaries restless drift.

"Carrie Comes To College"

Cast of Characters
(In order of their appearance)

Fred	Paul Ryan
Tommy	Edward Bowers
Spencer	Melvin Eide
Porky	Newell Miller
Bobby	Helen Cahill
Ma Jenkins	Mildred Haffron
Carrie	Ethel Comisky
Madame Louise	Ella Bristow
Hiram Goodnow	William Stillman
Sol Rosenbaum	Nicholas Scherer
Izzie Rosenbaum	Kenneth Culver
Governor Thompson	Hurbert Landis

Spencer, the son of a rich man, becomes involved in so much debt that his expulsion from Beetax College is threatened. In order to make him see the error of his ways, Hiram Goodnow, Spencer's father; Madame Louise, the beauty specialist; and his friends, Tommy and Porky, evolve a plot to lend him money. Porky, "in a moment of indiscretion," reveals the whole thing. Spencer, hurt and disillusioned, because he thinks Carrie is involved, resolves to show

his true self. In order to assert his true manhood and pay his debts, Spencer and Porky run a service station. Carrie has been harshly treated by Spencer and leaves before the May Fete that Ma Jenkins, her step-mother, is giving. Bobby explains all to Spencer and clears up the misunderstanding. Madame Louise brings Carrie back, and all is well. Tommy and Bobby who have squabbled all the while, discover they love each other, and decide to go into the "pan business."

Ethel Comisky, as Carrie, won the hearts of her audience almost immediately by the sweet lyric qualities of her soprano voice. Spencer, handsome and lighthearted, was successfully portrayed by Melvin Eide. Bobby and Tommy, who fought and sung through the story, were taken care of by Helen Cahill and Edward Bowers. Mildred Haffron made an instanteous "hit" as Ma Jenkins, the "keeper of the boarding house and mother to all." We all fell in love with flippant, happy, and heart-free Fred, who was played by Paul Ryan. Poor, stuttering, blundering, Porky! How we laughed at his queer clothes. Newell Miller took the role and carried it through. Ella Bristow as Madame Louise, who "made old faces new and young faces—," and William Stillman, as Hiram Goodnow, were reunited as husband and wife after many years of separation due to misunderstanding.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

The moaning of a softly wailing saxaphone, shaded low lights, gentle laughter, gaily colored dresses, white arms against the dark of a partner's sleeve, a faint perfume, and a smooth polished floor. One feels a new, carefree atmosphere when he enters a changed Williston Hall for an evening of dancing. Davenports are no longer in their austere everyday places. There are softly glowing lamps shading cozy corners hidden by leafy palms and flowers.

The used-to-be dining room is cleared of its tables, chairs are placed against the wall, and instead, a palm bedecked orchestra pit, an inviting punch table in one corner, and everywhere lights softly glowing through multi-colored shades. Gay couples are swaying to the rhythmic orchestra playing in its little alcove. The music ceases, and the punch table is obscured from view. Then, the dancers filter into the living room, where they occupy davenports and rockers, to discuss the last dance and locate the partners for the next.

When eleven o'clock comes, sighs of objection are heard from all corners. Soon the players are putting away their instruments. The couples are saying their farewells and are leaving, and happy dorm girls are climbing the stairs and blissfully saying—"Oh, what a wonderful time I've had!"

CONCERTS

How many times had we seen that magical name! How impatiently we waited for the evening of October 19th! Reinald Werranrath, the world's well loved concert singer, was really to appear in the college auditorium! How breathlessly we waited for his entrance that evening. Shall we ever forget that glorious baritone—the winning personality. His repertoire ranged from very difficult opera selections to light, popular pieces. "Boots," "The Green-Eyed Dragon," and "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" he sang with equal ease. "The Road to Mandalay," as he sang it, will alone keep Reinald Werranrath in our hearts.

Homecoming—the snake dance, bonfire and the voices of alumni. To end the first happy reunion Wyllie Stewart, tenor, and Margaret O'Conner, harpist, came to entertain us for a little while.

Leo Ornstein—the name was enough to stir our pulses. His "Impressions of Chinatown" and "Lieberstraum"—that beautiful, haunting, German love song—were enough to make us remember him forever.

Harry Farbinan, who played in joint recital, was as handsome a young violinist as there is. We know now what a real violin is.

—Georgea V. Farnam

BOOK FOUR

Chapter 14: Literary

Within these pages you will find
Expressions of those who sought to free
The beauties that formed within their mind
When gazing on a bloom, a lake, a tree,
Or other sights so beautiful they stir
The heart like trembling wind that passes
through the fir.

As twilight hours close with willful stillness the campus woods, the slender Indian princess in her robe of innocence awaits the caress of her lover, the west wind.

These Fertile Years

In the young spring we dreamed, while we were sowing
The golden seeds upon the virgin field,
Of greedy bins filled to overflowing
With the rich harvest of the coming season's yield.

Through months of brilliant sunshine and cool rain
We watched the miracle of summer heat
Change slender sprouts to restless seas of grain
And splendors of the sun to ripened wheat.

When warmth of summer faded from the skies
And came the fall, the season's color vender,
Into the fields we went with glistening scythes
And stript the summer of her wealth and splendor.

On the threshing floor we laid the ripened sheaves
And flailed the pregnant stalks until were freed
From the brown shelter of husks, and stems, and leaves,
The summer's wealth, the golden grains of seed.

Our task is done!..The bins are filled with grain,
The winnowed wheat is piled upon the floor;
But in the spring we shall go forth again
To sow the fertile seeds we have in store.

—Stuart Engstrand

Commonplace Things

I like commonplace things. I like the cracks in the paint on the ceiling of my room because they form such interesting objects. For instance, there is the tabby cat which has the misfortune of having but one ear. Her tail, too, is slightly out of joint, but if one looks at it from the proper angle, it forms the western boundary line of the state of Illinois—and no Geography professor could desire a better. Quite near to tabby there used to be a hissing goose whose threatening aspect distressed me at times when I recalled a certain encounter with a multitude—I think it was a multitude—of sizzling white demons. But the last time that I brushed the ceiling I demolished that awful outstretched neck—the flakes of it fell down onto my dresser never more to grace the ceiling—and the head remains, a sad commendatory to the zeal of a goose. I like the petrified tear that drips from the screw that secures the small shelf at the place where the corner decides not to be a corner—Yes, I like commonplace things; don't you?

—Vivian Hubbard

Lover's Lane

The woodlands are calling
With bird notes enthralling;
The strangeness of winter is gone.

Fair sight and glad sound
All about us abound
For the freshness of springtime is come.

Lovers' Lane lures us there
For there's love in the air
Of the trail penetrating the wood.

Birds trill from the trees
Their sweet melodies
And their songs of rapture divine.

The budding new life
Throws off care and strife
And starts the glad world anew.

Sweet moments pass by
Their joys mounting high
From time idled by in the wild.

Mem'ry long will remain
Of our dear Lovers' Lane—
Of the path so enchanting in name.

—May O. Beiler

Like sentinels they stand to guard the lonely wood against the coming of the night.

Our Campus: A Tonic

When the day has been tedious and fruitless, and your mind refuses to function, and you are ready to sink into the "I-don't-care" attitude—don't sink! Go to a window that overlooks the campus and draw a deep breath and look. There it stretches before you—in the summer an elfin haunt of green meadows and woodland, the dainty lake a glinting mirror in the sunlight, and the trees an invitation of comforting coolness; in the autumn a symphony of marvelous colors, brown and gold and scarlet; in the winter a gleaming whiteness with snow laden bushes and trees as if all a most exquisite Christmas greeting. Here nature awaits, offering to you her beauty. Take it in with full draughts and return to your task refreshed.

—Wilma G. Gilmore

MORNING

Morning is young....
Too young for advice.
It is like a mad youth....
[illegible] dull, drab things!
Why wait for anyone?
The day is before you.....live recklessly.....live rejoicing.
Let flaming life lure you on 'till noon
Shall take its turn.....
Morning is so pitifully young.

NOON

It is fierce and fiery.
A full flaming prince in armor clad.
A bold king seeking battles....
Unresting.....unresisting.....
Drawing on a toiling people to a trifling end.
Noon is the thrill of a mad pageant.....
With the stroke of twelve
The world has reached the top
And then the mad throng recedes
Praying to be caught by Dusk
Who waits with open arms.

DAWN AND DUSK

Some say at Dawn we awake....at Dusk we sleep.
At Dusk we feel the thrill of quiet hours....
A slow communion....
A still silent slipping into worlds not known,
Worlds not our own.
At Dawn we feel a slowly trembling reluctant return.....
A leaving of new worlds
For the drab and dullness of the known....
Some still say that at Dawn we awake....at Dusk we sleep.

NIGHT

Night is so old....
Too old for counsel.
There is no change of anything.
There is no chance for any one.
With night you lose your power....
Night is Queen Absolute....
She calls you and you come.
She orders and you obey.
She is a subtle enchantress....
A glorious ruler....
A pityless contriver
For all that is
Good or bad.
Let Day pity....
Night can love.

—Margaret Hamilton

Guests

A is that rich, distinguished relative whose visit we hope for, but despair of. He comes only after we have wooed him long and constantly, studied his character, and won the favor of his social secretary, Mr. Teacher. His visit brings us prestige and honors, but also, heavy responsibilities.

B is a companionable fellow whom we welcome, if not as heartily, more frequently. We are proud to introduce him to our friends, and yet, we always have a sneaking wish that he might have looked more like the distinguished *A*.

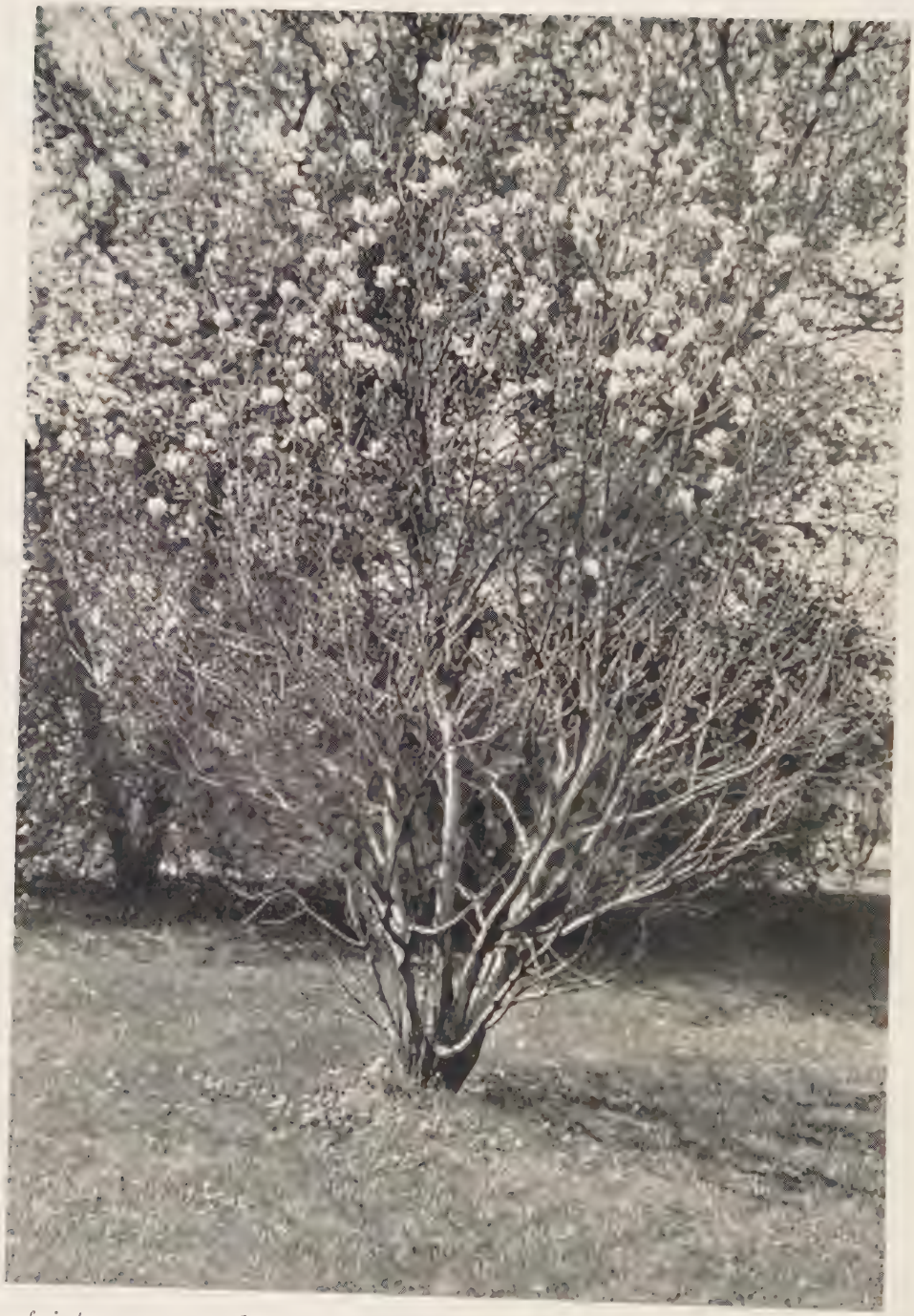
C lives with us constantly and because familiarity breeds contempt we often forget that he, too, brings at least one honor. We appreciate him only when after neglecting his wants for six weeks the bulletin apprizes us that he may be taken from us. We learn that unless we immediately give him more attention he will have to yield his place to that weak *D* or, even worse, the blackguard *E*. Then how we work! Nightly we sit up to study new means of pleasing him, daily we ponder over many books and do all in our power to assure him that we do appreciate him, that we do want him, and that we are worthy to entertain him.

Then comes that quarterly note to tell us who will be our guests. And if poor *C* has vanished, how we wail and moan! For who wishes to be seen with shabby *D*! We would deny all relation to him and keep him from visiting us at any time if it were possible.

But an even more annoying guest is *E*. He brings woe and disgrace upon his host. Thoroughly disliked, and, whenever possible, pushed to the background, he takes a fiendish delight in popping forth to embarrass and disgrace us at the most inopportune times. Woe to him who must entertain *E* long. The only sure way to rid ourselves of him is to get to work. He is such a loafer that the sight of work makes him quail, the sound of work drives him cowering to the corner, and the feel of work makes him vanish from sight.

A, *B*, *C*, *D*, and *E*—these are the guests which quarterly come to us. For twelve weeks we present to their managers and secretaries our invitations and our credentials. With bated breath and anxious heart we await the coming of the letter which will tell us whom we are to entertain. If it be the honorable ones who deign to visit us we are glad, but it is a much different story if those low characters *D* or *E* have thrust themselves upon us.

—Abbie Ella Chartier



A faint aroma no lovlier can be found than lies in the depths of our sweet magnolia.

Three Portraits

I shall trace
In swift color
The portraits of you.

I trace—
A lilting trend of spring
That laughs a magic moment on a hillside—
And then moves on
To linger—before a deep blue pool—
With laughter frozen on its lips.

I trace—
An orange orchid
On a background of dull'd silver—
I reach for it—
My fingers smooth a blur across dull'd silver—
I turn from it;
I feel swift petals sweep across my cheek.

I trace—
A wind flower
That sways like a wand before a gauze-thin screen
Through which light filters in prismatic tints;
A flower that with its slender petals traps the light
And folds it fast against the coming of the night.

—Gladys Simonsen

Diary

Dear Diary:

Imagine an insignificant being in a great big taxi. That's me. The cab rounded a curve and there in the fading light stood a veritable castle on a hill. How just and protective it seemed. We passed it, and around another curve—many twinkling lights shone out—friendly lights of the dorm, venturing shyly into the early evening. But a room-mate is given to me and I did not want one. I hope she isn't aggresive.

Later

She just came tearing in like a whirlwind. Almost frightened the life out of me. Said she was my room-mate and thought we'd get along fine. She admitted she was a decent sort, but talked a lot. Well, thank goodness for that—the more she talks, the less I'll have to. She isn't going to break her back stooping to the bottom dresser drawer. "She Stoops to Conquer" will be true in this room, and I shall be the "She." However, she took the cot next to the wall, so that is some consolation.

I like the furniture we have. It is such a soft, homey brown and the two rockers give the room a most inviting air.

But I must get to bed so that I'll be rested for to-morrow's ordeal. Oh, how I dread having people stare at me, knowing that I know nothing!

Tuesday, Sept. 6

Dear Diary:

Thank heaven for the room-mate! She has very faithfully chartered me through the seas of registration and introductions. Some all-important man welcomed me to the "inthtituthion" and made out my program. He didn't bother to ask what I wanted to take, but went right ahead and confidently placed me—as if he were a mind reader. Such a muddle! I don't know what I'm doing.

And the way the girls run through the halls in pajamas, and study in less, is shameful! These aspiring would-be teachers seem to have no modesty or dignity. And the night-watchman seems to think nothing of it when he happens on a reducing class clad as nymphs in the garden of Eden. I guess I am ultra-unmodern.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11

Well, old pal, I haven't talked to you for some time. The glaring flunk list has come and gone and I am very different. Where my clothes once hung on me like a sack tied in the middle, they now fit. I daily apply the rouge, powder, and lip-stick from which I once ran in horror. True it is that when this reformation began, I felt like a side-show; and when I walked down the hall, fancied I could hear people whisper—"here comes the over-dressed band wagon." What an illusion I labored under.

And it is such a relief to speak to people. I am no longer afraid, but greet them with the customary "Hi." What a world of fellowship is in that small word!

Now I must write a theme, and then to the good old bed. Oh! if I could only write an original, interesting theme.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20

Pray tell me, how do you, a senseless creature, exist without seeing the beauties God has created? Walking over the campus to-day was like wandering through a fairy garden. Every branch of every shrub and every limb of every tree is hung with the virgin snow. The lake, the falls, the woods, the whole campus glistens as if paying respect to the reign of King Winter and Queen Snow. Nothing could be more beautiful—not even the multi-colored leaves in the fall. Beautiful, beautiful,—I love it, this campus! The form of the dorm is hung with glistening sheets of translucent ice as if for presentation at a court of royalty.

But no more of this. I must get back to everyday life. There is a spread which must be over by seven-thirty—for proctors are plentiful. There will be ice cream and cake and olives and sandwiches.

—RUTH BAXTER

Oh world of crystal, for but a day in which the glistening trees clink the hours, and the bushes in higher tones, clink the minutes.

The Wail of a Tired Student

The evening's passed, the night's begun;
I've read them over one by one.
HISTORY'S here and *MATH* is there;
And *PSYCH!* Well, it's just everywhere.
What's an *ORBIT* I'd like to know?
It's something, 'cause they told me so.
Now how about the sound of *A*?
I've studied that 'most every day.
Oh dear! there's all that *COMP* to write;
I've work enough to last all night.
But not a bit stays in my head,
So I'll just quit and go to bed.

—Helen F. Klett

Mind Wanderings in General Assembly

Ah! We have a visitor with us today. Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of hearing an address this morning. This individual is a pleasant looking young fellow—but then appearances mean little; they often belie true character and purpose. Contrary to first expectations, the handsome, fashionably dressed, young speaker usually proves to be an unburdener of an over-idealistic lecture-sermon, while the gray, scholarly gentleman, more often than not delivers speeches characterized by refreshing humor and agreeable respectability. He who seeks real leadership must, in general, turn deliberately from the brilliant youths to the wise elders; for, they have undergone the strenuous labor of tearing, shred by shred, the mask of disillusionment from life and have thereby learned to view the world in its undistorted perspective as a thing to be co-operated with, not to be overcome!

The members of the faculty are assembling; there will be no address... I wonder what principle determines the order of their seating arrangement....Seniority?....Rank?....No....Department?.... Perhaps .... What a concentration of knowledge and ability they represent! Their average I. Q.? H'mm—I wonder. It would be instructing, and even profitable and beneficial to know; for surely, would not the promulgation of such information augment or mercifully demolish many stray ambitions towards professorship? Now, that is not such an unreasonable idea as one might suppose. Who can foretell the extent to which the modern test and measurement program may go? The near future may hold the position of the discloser of predestined careers. Our educational systems, freely functioning as selective agents, will become the true matrices of bricklayers and doctors of philosophy! But then, when the intellectual aristocracy, bourgeoisie, and serfdom are overtly sanctioned, what will become of our attempts to democratize society?

Now, I believe one could identify these teachers merely by the characteristic they assume as they sit in impressive array. This one stares fixedly out through the windows on the west; that one glares with tremendous seriousness at his feet. He inspects his nails or fumbles with his watch; she never fails to smile benignly, at the students in general and the men in particular.

They have, if not in common, at least in some special aspect, all of the characteristic appearances peculiar to those of their profession. True, there are notable exceptions. Some few do not look like school teachers at all; rather they resemble shrewd bankers and dainty haberdashery clerks. But, consider the representative attributes: slender figures, careworn facial features, heads of intellectual cast, nobly crowned with locks of gray. Ah! Superficially they do, perhaps, seem absent-minded; but on closer acquaintance one finds them wonderfully and fearfully alert—at least in the classroom.

They have long since ceased to sense a thrill in occupying those seats of dignity and prominence. Still, one can detect in the faint radiation of good-natured tolerance, their enjoyment in the realization that they are passively serving as objects of studious scrutiny for the general assemblage, and consequently, for the students, prolific sources of speculative fancy.

And now we are to sing those old songs, "Juanita," "America the Beautiful," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "My Old Kentucky Home,"—truly, these are sweet, simple, and inspiring songs; unquestionably, Foster's southern plantation melodies have immortal qualities. They possess an intrinsic beauty that has caused them to be "loved wherever sung." They have long since been sanctified by traditional usage. Any student will testify that he has sung these tunes thousands of times during his school career. See the listless vocal efforts of the faculty! Oh, well! Fifty years hence, pupils and students will sing over and over again "Juanita," "America the Beautiful," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "My Old Kentucky Home." And by that time we shall probably have truly learned to appreciate these songs. As it is we do not complain if we are not requested to stand during the rendering of more than one song of four verses.

The president rises and in a dignified, sonorous language proceeds to make the necessary announcements. His sedative manner adds tremendously to the quality of his dry humor. The announcements are made with neither a paucity nor a redundancy of words, but ever to the restless student body they seem prolix—I wonder whence came that pedestal of ancient oak. An odd piece of furniture, surely, with its gothically arched panels that throws in its glaring disharmony with the architectual motif of the room. It is the only fixture in the auditorium that suggests chapel. Chapel? Now wouldn't it be impressive if the president were robed in a flowing black gown and the faculty, clothed in similar fashion, neatly installed in great mahogany pews!

There goes the first bell. Sounds of it fairly rasp the nerves. It would be a beneficial change if the harsh toneless vibrator-bells were replaced by a softly pealing sonorous gong. The clattering departure of those who must leave early, readily engages the attention of the bulk of the student body, and I, in watching the others react with seemingly automized alacrity to the customary but disturbing stimulus, am equally as guilty of inattentiveness.

The remarks are completed. There is a pause of exaggerated length. The students shift foreward in their seats, tensely waiting the signal to disperse. And then, with a motion of the hands that resembles nothing so much as an inverted gesture of benediction, the President dismisses the assemblage.

—Harold Ohlson

Deep in every crevice are treasures of echoed whisperings—where dreams and memories lure—The Freshman Seat

On the Cardinal Path

There comes a day late in March when the urge to leave the book and pen suddenly comes over us. It is the time of the year when the Kishwaukee, after some weeks of indecision, has at last decided not to sweep away bridge, trees, and all, and has become its own quiet self again. For days we have looked down the water-soaked pathway and counted the days until we could answer its clear spoken "Come."

Perhaps we remember other delightful hours we have spent here—hours when the path was blue with violets, when the oaks were red fire in their harvest-fete dress, or when the trees, burdened with glistening ice or dusted with powdered snow, bent low for our sympathy. Still, the first walk of spring is ever the most enjoyable; there is a clearer tinkle to the falls, a fascinating freshness to the air, and a hushed promise of wonder soon to be.

Early spring has cast a mystic veil over the island. The slender birches, each like an Indian princess, stretch forth their budding branches in sky welcome. A few red berries of the fall still cling—a cheerful assurance that last winter's bird-guests have had enough and to spare. The clumps of red-stemmed dogwood which fringe the bank glow against the silver-green of budding branches, the deeper green of early grass blades, the white of the birches, and the blue of the sky and the lake. Out of the stillness comes the greeting cry of the redwing. O island of the Indian princesses, whose lovers are the redwings, you are indeed lovely!

But a turn in the path gives us the shimmering lake. Millions of little ripples break over its surface, glittering in the sunlight, and hold us spell bound by their rhythm. Our reverie is broken by the sound of snapping twigs. Two small boys are out to see what spring has in store for them. They tell of making a raft and of a big fish they saw.

Further on we approach thickets of poplar and willow, a paradise for birds. On every side birds flit out of our way or entertain us with their busy cheerful songs. Suddenly above the trill of the song sparrow and the cry of the redwing comes a loud clear whistle, "Whee-w, whee-w, whee-w, wheeper, wheeper, wheeper." It is the cardinal, companion of winter. Poised aloft in the topmost branch of a poplar, a fiery dash of crimson against the blue sky, he is a self-appointed apostle bidding a stupid world to rejoice, pleading with them to look about and see for themselves the eternalness of life.

As we walk on we see the tree buds bursting, the violets and the buttercups peeping through the ground, and the dry leaves of last fall blown about, but our thoughts are on the cardinal. We have found him—messenger of life—awakening spring here on our own campus in this, the "Cardinal Path."

—Doris Rose Beiler

Farewell to the Library

A fond adieu
I send to you,
Dear books I loved while knowledge grew;
Dear friends who helped to smooth my road
And lighten my increasing load.

More lips may bless
And hands caress
Your form; speak I of nobleness,
Of comfort, love, refreshing joy,
Which even time can not alloy.

One more adieu—
I know that you
Will be, as now, forever true,
Will give to others as to me
Your spirit, rich, refreshing, free;

Will always try
As days roll by
To make hearts laugh though eyes
May cry.
I do not mind; in love for thee
There is no room for jealousy.

My last adieu—
I'll never rue
The fellowship I've found with you.
Where'er I go, on land or sea,
I know your soul will call to me.

So now—what was that just fell?
Oh, books, my tears say "Fare-thee well."

—Evelyn Bull

Chapter 15: Calendar

The merry days pile up their hours on hours,
And one by one they slip away from sight,
But still they leave as twilight softly lowers
Remembrances forgotten in their flight,
And when these memories one on one are lain
We find the fleeting, gay, and happy days are made again.

September

Sept. 6—All the people who have good intentions of becoming teachers are gathered at N. I. S. T. C. once more. Gee, you ought to see all the trunks that are coming up to Williston Hall.

Sept. 7—Registration today. The poor bewildered ones are muchly in evidence. Don't worry, poor dears; we went through it all once upon a time.

Sept. 8—School takes on a schooly aspect. That is, every once in a while you see a book.

Sept. 9—More books come to light. We actually saw some one in the library studying. Now we know it. Everyone will soon be working. Will they?

Sept. 15—No Gen. Ex. today. We wonder what it's all about. Is IT possible? The auditorium is actually being redecorated. We hope that Venus gets her face washed and that they find her broken arms.

Sept. 17—We all get together at the Annual Mixer. Do we Mix? Something like oil and water. Oh well, that's all right; the boys can't help it if they are a little bashful.

Sept. 23—Nothing exciting is happening. The weather's great and all that; but it doesn't serve as a topic of conversation.

Sept. 24—The boys are getting stiff work-outs under Coach Cowell. It looks as though they are going to be able to put up a classy fight this fall.

Sept. 27—The girls are seen frolicking around the hockey field. Pretty good-looking bunch.

Sept. 28—Ain't LOVE grand? School is in full swing, because the crushes have started to develop.

Sept. 29—The month is about over. Only eight more weeks to go and a lot of fun thrown in. Cheer up, everybody.

October

Oct. 1 — "Red" Altenderfer will pilot the Sophomores through this year in the capacity of president. Congraulations, Red!

Oct. 2 — Hurrah! We win our first football game. It was a slushy, slippery 9-0 victory over the American School of Physical Education.

Oct. 3 — The freshies get under way. That big boy, Chuck Carter, is elected president. Measuring in feet he ought to be capable.

Oct. 5 — Our handsome intelligent one, Elbert Cormack, is cultivating a "soup-strainer." Oh girls, don't you think it's cute? It's a regular basketball game, five on each side.

Oct. 9 — We tied St. Bede's today 7-7. Not so good, but then it could have been worse.

Oct. 13 — Our auditorium is again open for business. Listen, Venus did have her face washed. Now we don't have our aesthetic senses throb whenever we look at her.

Oct. 15 — There will be no game this week. Everybody is planning to go home to see "Maw" and "Paw."

Oct. 17 — Perry Wood, the pride of Waterman, tried to play tag with a milk wagon. I guess Perry tried to get rough. At least he smashed the milk wagon. Also he sold his Ford to Ike Gordon.

Oct. 19 — Do you know, folks, that there are five hundred fifty-five of us and that we come from six different states? Not so worse, is it?

Oct. 25 — Werrenrath vibrated his tonsils in great shape in spite of the atmosphere.

Oct. 23 — Our first downfall. This time it was Columbia. Never mind, team, we'll get 'em yet.

Oct. 30 — More darn fun at the Sophomore party. We won from Elmhurst, too. Johnnie insists that his verse be printed, so here goes. Don't blame us.
"Keefe galloped here,
And Smoke galloped there,
And as a result
Elmhurst got the air."
32-0.

November

Nov. 2— We had a speaker in Gen. Ex. today. Dr. Alva W. Taylor spoke on the Mexican situation. We know all about it now.

Nov. 3— They decided to give us a day off. No Gen. Ex. Hard luck!

Nov. 5— Dr. Brown and Coach Cowell put over a real pep meeting today. Don't say we haven't spirit. All we need is a little coaxing.

Nov. 6— Our pep is still with us. There was a great crowd at the game today, and they sure did yell. It helped, too, because we won. By golly, we won.

Nov. 7— Roundy appeared at Sunday School today with his nose beautifully taped. Both are extraordinary and uncomprehensible.

Nov. 9— Rain and snow by the carload. Every one is staying home to study. Can you imagine it?

Nov. 10— The football team practiced on skiis today. It seems to agree, however.

Nov. 11— Armistice day program. Professor Hayes talked to us. He gave us some new ideas that we were glad to get.

Nov. 12— The Homecoming Pow-Wow went over hot. Harvey and Hannah and all the rest were back. The boys should play a good game with all of the good looking co-ed tutors rooting for them.

Nov. 13— Butch's toe won the game from Indiana State Normal 3-0. Every member of the team played a wonderful game and this game will stand out as one of the shining lights of his college athletics.

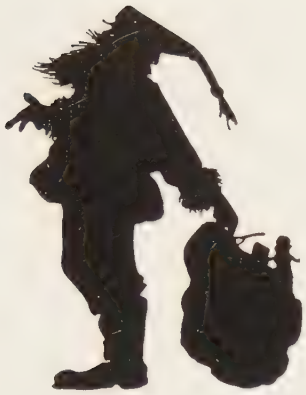
Nov. 15— Everything is quiet again. Harvey and Hannah and the rest of the gang have gone back to work. We take off our hats to the Alumni. They Surely Came Back!

Nov. 16 Red Wiltse has decided that there are some pretty nice girls at the Shafer Club this year. Poor Red is having an awful time choosing one.

Nov. 22— Every one at the old books again. This time it's exams.

Nov. 24 We get rid of fifteen Seniors through graduation. End of the fall quarter. Isn't everything fun after all is said and done?

Nov. 30— Paul Ritzman flops still another time. We are wondering how long this one will last.



December

Dec. 3— A terrible week-end. No game, no parties, but plenty of study.

Dec. 4— Smoke Larson was caught in the Library studying this morning. They called the doctor to see if his vertebrae was in place.

Dec. 6— Harry Walton, after a week's vacation, decided to come back to school. We almost think that Love will drive a man 'most any place.

Dec. 8— The Lincoln Inn is still the same old popular place. The same old gang gathers every night for the same old fun.

Dec. 9— Hey! Paul! Where have you been? Don't you know that practice started over an hour ago?

Dec. 10— The Freshmen swing a big hop! Where, oh, where are all the girls? Surely, this isn't N. I. S. T. C.? There were fifty more men than girls. For the first time in history it's been the men who have had to be the wall flowers.

Dec. 12— We win from St. Bede's. Boy, what a track meet. The Irish must have left their four-leaf clovers in their suit cases.

Dec. 15— Only ten more days until Christmas and not that many until vacation.

Dec. 17— The faculty have their Christmas party. Santa Claus was certainly nice to Pope Turner, Miss Merritt, and Mr. Hayes.

Dec. 18— Another victory for N. I. at basketball. The boys sure are tearing this year. It looks like a championship.

Dec. 20— We give the beans to the poor today. Gracious, don't we feel benevolent?

Dec. 21— Vacation - Vacation - Vacation! What more can you ask?

January

Jan. 3 — Everyone is back in school. The team must have put on extra pounds during vacation; anyway, the coach put the gang through their stuff.

Jan. 4 — Don't tell us we haven't a tough bunch of girls in this school. They break their ankles and drag them out.

Jan. 7 — All our New Year's resolutions have been broken, so we aren't going to keep them anymore.

Jan. 8 — Town Girls threw a dance. More toes got stepped on tonight.

Jan. 10 — Another victory for N. I.

Jan. 12 — Molly Yaffe, last year's Charleston Sweetheart of N. I., is practicing hard on the Black Bottom in order to compete with Mildred Haffron.

Jan. 14 — Mr. R. W. Keltner, one of Rockford's distinguished gentlemen, is announcing to the world that he is a man now by the fact that he has grown a moustache. Ralph told us that he had a good chance to start the soup-strainer when he was home on the farm during Christmas vacation.

Jan. 20 — Miss Mc Cormick and Newell Miller were skating today. That is, Mildred did the skating and Newell picked her up.

Jan. 22 — W. A. A. Dance. Big doings at the Hall these nights.

Jan. 24 — Chris leaves us. It's our loss and the theatre's gain.

Jan. 29 — I wonder what Brook Gill was thinking about yesterday when he tried to jam a letter in a fire alarm box.

Jan. 31 — Hurrah! The football sweaters are here. Fourteen men were honored this year. They'll soon be seen around the institution now.

February

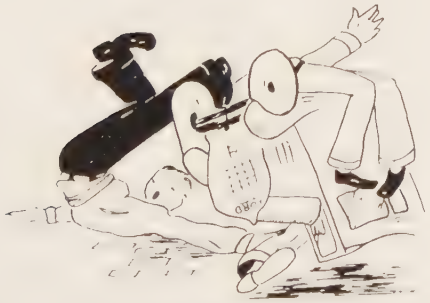
Feb. 1— Mark Beihl has illusions regarding dark ears being found in his pockets. They say it is the result of the last BB trip, but we aren't at all sure.

Feb. 2— Ground Hog day. Stewie and Ruth must have been hunting for him. They were seen strolling in the sunken garden and they were surely intent upon something.

Feb. 3— Sophomore class rings and pins arrive. Grace Johnson, we find, wears a size eleven, while Harold Norton only takes a size six.

Feb. 5— Terble Clef Dance. All the co-ed warblers and their men turn out.

Feb. 7— Hanson's Ford tried to loop the loop coming home from St. Bede's game. Smoke got more baldheaded than ever by trying to dig his head into the pavement.



Feb. 10— Mr. Phipps and his class know all there is to know about gas after today's inspection trip. We trimmed Valparaiso tonight. Good work boys!

Feb. 11— Movies today in Gen. Ex. Perhaps more would have stayed if they had shown "IT."

Feb. 12— Reid Brooks must have gotten the cold shoulder. The poor boy froze his ears last night.

Feb. 14— Valentine's Day. They certainly had a terrible time convincing the Freshmen that they were too old to have a Valentine Box.

Feb. 15— When it comes to necking some of these auditorium lovers make a giraffe look like a flea.

Feb. 23 More Seniors graduate. We come to the end of the Winter Quarter, and cart home our red flannels for the last time this year.

March

Mar. 7—We registered today. That means more new books and less candy and cigarettes for awhile.

Mar. 9—Ralph Keltner has shaved off his moustache. He has tried for the last two months to drink coffee and soup through it but has given it up as a bad job and off comes the cookie duster.

Mar. 11—News! I'll say! The team is going to Kansas City to a BB tournament. The Chamber of Commerce gave us $400, while the student body dug into their socks for another hundred.

Mar. 12—Melodie Klub Dance and the big news that the boys had won their first game at Kansas City.

Mar. 14—Gosh, everybody is excited and talking about the BB tourney. We've heard that Eddie White cut loose with 11 baskets in that first game.

Mar. 15—EXTRA! EXTRA! NI wins the second game at Kansas City. Pope Turner connected with the basket and made fifteen points.

Mar. 16—Student body enthusiasm ran high today, hoping for a third N. I. victory, but luck ran against us. We were downed by St. Joe's 42-25.

Mar. 17—The boys finally arrived home safely and found a huge crowd on hand to greet them. The student body sure showed real pep tonight.

Mar. 18—Pope Turner is telling everyone that he got his black eye in a basketball game. Can you imagine it?

Mar. 21—Well, today is supposed to be the first day of spring. The overcoats and snow makes the "supposed" a good word.

Mar. 26—Lumpy Bower is pestering Lucille Rorig for a date. He'll get it too. He's getting to be quite ladies' man.

April

Apr. 1—No school today and it is isn't an April Fool joke either. We hope the faculty had a good time at Springfield as we had, not having to prepare any lessons.

Apr. 4—Bower got his date with Lucille last Saturday nite. They decided to attend the rest of the school parties together.

Apr. 5—Mag. Sulliven, the little girl from Rochelle, who went to school last year at N. I., was a vistor today. She is the same old Sully.

Apr. 7—Art. Lundahl dropped in today. He's on his spring vacation. We were all very glad to see the ex-coach. Teaching seems to agree with Art.

Apr. 8—With all of the excitement of the visiting alumni, we mustn't forget to mention the Operetta, put on by the Glee Clubs last nite. We must admit it was great!

Apr. 10—You'd think you were in India the way the new members of W. A. A. get down on their knees and bow to the older members. We stumbled over three of them today, walking through the halls.

Apr. 14—Ed. White tells us when it's too muddy to play baseball.

Apr. 16—Too much rain to play baseball at Aurora today. The game will be played in May, after the April showers.

Apr. 17—Doctor Brown took the Crysler for an airing today. He tells us that the cops object to having Cryslers cut corners in Dixon and that they fine people for such offenses.

Apr. 18—"Butch" Davis came frolicking up to school today in a classy LaSalle car. Can you imagine "Butch" making three C's and a B in his first six weeks' grades?

Apr. 21—The boys are out every night trying to become baseball players. We agree that the coach knows how to get plenty of work out of the team.

Apr. 23—Today the baseball team plays its first game of the season at

Armour. Captain "Duke" Norton promises big things from the team this year.

Apr. 27—Mr. Page's new addition to the museum came today in the form of a cash register, and the minutes of the last meeting for the corner stone committee of this building. The corner stone was laid in 1895. The cash register had been in use since 1885 at the Haish Bank.

Apr. 30—The Sophomore Prom was pulled off tonight. Tomorrow is May 1. It won't be long now!

May

May 2—Riccardo Martin finally consented to sing for us. He will appear to-night in all his splendor. Here's hoping we have air!

May 7—The Freshies didn't let the Sophomores put anything over on them when it comes to Proms.

May 14—This seems to be the month of dances. The men will give their dance to-night at Williston Hall. This is one time when the men will have to get up enough courage to ask the fair damsels instead of visa versa.

May 17—Mr. Gould tells us that we have a rare treat in store for us to-night. The Little Symphony composed of twenty-five of the first chairmen of the New York Symphony, will attempt to entertain us.

May 18—ONLY EIGHT MORE DAYS UNTIL GRADUATION.

May 20—This is the busy week-end for dances. The Alumni dance to-night.

May 21—After the big May Fete we all went to the May dance which was much more of a success than the May Fete.

MAY FETE

May 22—Baccalaureate today. Rev. Horace Bridges of Chicago spoke.

May 24—You can tell just who are going to graduate Thursday because they are the ones who are so nervous. We wonder why?

May 26—We get all dolled up in our robes to-day and receive the old sheepskin from Doctor Brown. Hurrah! Hurrah! Another step completed.

Chapter 16: Fibune

Herein we find those things of fun and zest
That froth the deeper veins of thoughts we've learned
With flecks of light through merriment and jest,
While lending gayness to playtimes well earned;
Through work and play they lighten all our days,
Gold bits of mirth to bear undulled—a memory always.

To
JULIEN PETERSON

the founder and pioneer editor of the N. I. Fibune, a man whose great personality, generous advice, and sympathetic encouragement have helped the 1927 editorial staff beyond measure, we, the editors, dedicate this fourth edition of the Fibune

VOTE
FOR
CANNON
FOR MAYOR

Daily Fib

Verite est plus drole que fiction

☐ CORMACK
☒ CANNON

STUDENTS' LOCKERS LOOTED AT N. I. S. T. C.

NEWS SUMMARIES

N. I. loses two great leaders within one year. J. Stanley Brown, colorful president, leaves, preceded a few months by Chris Derrick, the great uplifter, who is now in the Crispett business. The Fib wishes the best of luck to both.

The Brown Bowl is scene of horrible tar and feathering party of student council members. Not a pillow is left in the dormitory. Wiltberger rides rail.

It is rumored that the new gym is to be christened the "Butch Wennlund" floor because it was due to the high quality hot dogs he served that the basket-ball men won so many games.

Ted Williams has started a collection of "defunct cats" which he intends to sell to young lads in their adolescent stage for cemetery gatherings.

Lincoln Inn closes its doors to students. No one with student activities books permitted to enter.

Athletes forced to excavate for new gymnasium. Only means of assuring students that work has started.

Miss McCormick is declared to be the best ball-room dancer in the country. Yes, in the country!

Suspect in N. I.
Locker Loot

VOLUNTARY ATTENDANCE AT MEN'S EXERCISES HAS PROVED A MARKED SUCCESS

The music room was filled to the doors and many gathered in the hall to catch fleeting glimpses of Molly Yaffe and her Black Bottom Chorus.

This was the second meeting of the men since the inauguration of the new policy. A bridge party sponsored by the Y. M. drew almost as large a group of participants as last week. Mr. Wright, the gracious host, flitted merrily about among the players.

First prize, Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Bookshelf, was awarded to Hubert F. Landis; second prize, a vacuum cup bicycle tire, was awarded to Doug Donnelly. Freddie Carlson, former state's champion, took the booby prize, a jar of lavender scented bath salts.

Dean Annas is particularly enthused over the success of his enterprise. It was only after years of careful deliberation that he embarked upon this drastic policy. "The huge swelling in the attendance is more than gratifying", said the Dean in an interview.

For further meetings, the Dean has many treats in store. He hesitates to announce any numbers fearing that the rush to secure seats will destroy the museum.

CLEVER CULPRITS LEAVE MEAGER CLUES

"I have nothing to say, except that I wish spring would come," was the answer given by Charles Hunt, heavy loser in N. I. locker loot, to a Fibune reporter in an interview regarding the situation. As he spoke he tried to shield his neck from the cold winter wind with the unmercifully low collar of the top-coat he has been wearing nearly all winter.

Hunt's over-coat was stolen from N. I. S. T. C. during the most severe season of the year. Days and **nights** of such exposure have been telling on his frail physique so that he has wasted away to a mere "hundred ninety or so."

Other less significant losses included sums of money, umbrellas, compacts, and other bric-a-brac commonly found in students' lockers. Strange to say no books were reported stolen, probably because Y. W. C. A. reserves the privilege of robbing students on second-hand text books.

No Trace of Thief

Efforts to apprehend the offenders have proved futile so far. Janitor Hale, who hails from a long line of "plain clothes men" and policemen, has been working on the few clues available. He claims to have seen this suspicious looking character (whose picture is above) prowling around the building the night of the Werrenrath concert. This man has a rather shady pedigree and is listed in Mr. Wm. Pinkerton's "Who's Who and Where" as a second-story man who is particularly skillful with a window jimmy. However, it is a well known fact that no windows were opened the night of the Werrenrath concert; so we fear this suspect is a wild goose chase.

Doctor Brown, in a storm of rage before the assembled students, declared that "such a situation in an institution of this kind was abominable." He appealed to the students to keep their lockers locked at all times, although some of them did not know that there were locks on them. The janitors were kept busy several days opening lockers.

Permit the "Fibune" to suggest this: Mr. Hunt will probably find his coat in the Memory-book of some feminine admirer—pasted just below a "darling" picture of him! ! !

Every Man for Himself

You know for yourself just what you want in a suit and what you would like to pay

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You may expect these things in the clothes you buy here. What makes our clothes preferable to any others is that we combine these high qualities with so modest a price that they Are Extra Value!

ANDERSON BROS.

FOR MAYOR

WALTER (WHITEY) CANNON

After much urging by my loyal supporters, the Fibune staff, I have decided to enter the contest for mayor against Elbert Miller Cormack. If elected I promise to execute the duties of this important office to the best of my ability.

(Signed) Walter Cannon
John Garner,
Campaign Mgr.

SLOGAN:

Longer and Thicker hair for all of us.

MY PLATFORM

To protect the Training school children from reckless automobile drivers by constructing a tube under the College Avenue drive.

To have more drinking fountains in the building.

To allow Mr. Page but two minutes for announcements in Gen. Ex.

To make Wiltberger stop wearing knickers when regular pants are available.

To drain "Montgomery's Slough" on the College Avenue side-walk, so that fewer students will be late for eight o'clock classes.

To provide stronger broom handles for the janitors to lean on.

SPECIMEN BALLOT

MARK IT LIKE THIS:

☒ CANNON

vs.

☐ CORMACK

THE BATTLE OF THE C's

Vote For "Whitey" Cannon

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EDITORIAL

The Fibune's Policy

In this issue of the Fibune, the staff has striven to adhere as closely as is collegiately possible to the fundamental doctrine set forth above: truth is funnier than fiction.

The entire staff—editorial department, reporters, and incidentaries—swore to carry this doctrine at all times foremost in their minds; to waste no invaluable moments considering news, the veracity of which was in the least questionable.

Scores of pages of well written manuscript were deliberately cast into the juicy jaws of the wastebasket for no other reason than that the reporter could vouch no reliable authority for his information.

That which remains is the cream of the staff's efforts. All the humor that was fit to print and that was unquestionably truthful has been printed in its columns.

But no man is infallible. Some inacuracies may have crept in. Any reader, who, in his rush to grasp the drift of the day's events, happens to detect any questionable statements will receive the editors' humblest thanks if he will bring his detections to their attention. Corrections will be made in the next issue.

It is due to the rigid adherence to its principles that the Fibune owes its tremendous circulation. To its constituency, the Fibune extends its heartiest appreciation. It has been a pleasure to serve you. It is now a pleasure to leave you. Greetings—until next year.

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Wolff the Clothier

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SOCIETY NEWS

Every student in school joyfully gathered in the new gymnasium to attend the event of the year; the Annual Student vs. Faculty Hop. The faculty hopped to the tune of a student orchestra and the students hopped to strains from a faculty orchestra. As the students were used to hopping to the faculty tune and the faculty were unaccustomed to hopping to any tune but their own, the faculty were out-hopped by a wide margin.

The faculty orchestra astounded all with its arousing jazz. Storm beat the drums, Page tickled the brass sax, Lyon roared on his tuba, Neptune ruled the mighty cornet, Mann overpowered the piano, and Wright, the coolest flutist N. I. has ever seen, fluted calmly on amid the thunderous volumes that rent the new rafters.

Less violent but more harmonious were the student five. Nelson thumbed a "lifted" harpsicord, Rich blew his own horn, Cormack strummed his six-bristled guitar, Engstrand fiddled loudly on despite the others, and Larson, the only musician in the crew, strove valiantly to uphold his reputation.

As the crimson streaks of the morning sun streamed through the grime-stained windows, janitors dragged the faculty out and closed up for the night. The students had left long before, pronouncing it an annual affair that should come once a week.

THE SPRING FATE was another huge event of the year. Though it was the first of its kind to be attempted on N. I.'s serene lake, it was assuredly a success from the fatal viewpoint, and will undoubtedly be attempted again next year.

A distinctive feature was that only men participated. The men, having heard much of the famous historic trick of walking on the water, resolved to duplicate the feat. It cannot be said that they were successful as far as they went for they went too far; they went to the bottom. The dailies featured the story as another college suicide.

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OFFICE
FOURTH ST. and LINCOLN HIGHWAY

SNIFFINS and HOWLS

A DeKalb milkman has a horse that can interpret and will obey the "Stop and Go" signals. Dr. Brown says that the teachers in the northern part of the country will not do that while in the south.

Well Doctor, that must make the northern horses and the southern teachers about even.

Oh Mr. Carlson, when you get your W. A. A. sweater for hiking do you think that you will look as well as Max Larson looks in his?

There was no school April first. Yes, and we'll bet there were a few skeptics who came up in time for that first hour class, too.

Wigwam on the Campus
(Dr. Brown Speaking)

"Build, oh build a mighty structure,
Go ahead and let the contract.
Build our men a classy wigwam
Four and three score cubits make it.
Bring cement from far off Portland,
Bring us iron tried and true
From the land about Superior,
From the land of Man-a-so-ta.
Fell the mighty oak and ash tree
Hew them smooth with axe and plane
Whittle off each slender sliver,
Hew them well and to the line.

Then let come the skillful tradesman,
Let him put the walls together,
Within the bounds defined by Parson
And his crack surveying class.
Lay brick on brick, enforce with iron,
Plumb the walls and square the corners,
Lay the floors and trim the sashes,
Hang the oaken doors thereon.
Then the plumber, fat and lazy,
(Let him not forget his tool kit)
Let him line each hall and corridor
With a row of bubbling fountains
Fountains, spiriting cool, clear waters
Refreshing as the Coca-Cola,
As the waters of Minnehaha.

Then when finished let Sid Nelson—
Sidney Nelson, the great boaster,
He, the marvelous story-teller,
He, the traveller and the talker,
Let him come and criticize it
If he finds a flaw or off-set,
Broken pine or unsprung mouse trap.
Repent he must the awful error –
And straightway plunge into the forest."

—Helen of Troy, N. Y.

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SPORTS

Ralph Gritzbaugh wishes to announce that he will challenge any one between the ages of ten and thirty to a shave. (Stan Henaughan and Charley Roundy, please take notice). Gritzbaugh has tutored under some great little shavers in his time, including W. L. Douglas and the Smith Brothers.

Last Tuesday morning the students who were studying in the library were interrupted by a noisy but interesting foot-race. Helen Case and Ralph Keltner were the contestants.

It started off with a bang at the west door, and Keltner's great stride and leather heels carried him well to the front at the start. However, Helen gained on him and they were neck-and-neck at the fourth table. Keltner's spectacular sprint at the finish was all that saved him, and he won only by a whisker.

N. I. Pugs Put Up Snappy Card At The Wennlund Gymnasium Hayes and Peterson Top Cards

The great "gong" was all that saved "Peg" Ritzman from a sleeper delivered by the right hand of "Torchy" Tazewell in an interesting curtain raiser to a snappy card compiled by Promoter Doug Donnelly. Doug's much appreciated program was exhibited last night before a crowd of 3,500 people in the Wennlund Gym of the men's new building.

Throughout the entire four rounds of last night's opener, the stocky little red head from Kingston kept the politician dazzled by his shifting style of approach and nasty little jabs to the face and body. Ritzman's great comeback in the last part of the third weakened him so that Red's powerful right to the jaw in the fourth would have caused the first knock-out in the new gym had not the bell intervened at the count of four.

Berg Trims Hansen

A less brutal six-round semi-final was put up by "Big Boy" Berg, south-side idol (idle), and "Pee Wee" Hansen of Elburn. Although Berg has had little experience, he went through the entire engagement with hardly a scratch. In fact, he won the decision over the clever Dane; and his manager, "Chub" Martin, was justly proud of his new charge's exhibition.

Hayes Does Good Work in Feature

The ten-round feature of the evening was between Westerner Hayes, the Iowa flash, and "Snus-box" Peterson.

Roseblush Kid.
Parshment Calf.
Patent Leather In
Styles. Are up to the Minute
Pumps, Straps, Colonial
and at the Right Prices.

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"Butch"
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Next to First National Bank

The betting was heavy and the odds at the starting time were about 3-2 in favor of Peterson.

Peterson entered the ring first amid a tumult of cheering from the fans. It was some time before Hayes followed—he seemed to be trying the old "goat-getting" stunt of leaving the opponent alone in the ring. However, Peterson was undisturbed as he sat calmly in his corner conversing with his manager, Oberg. Perhaps Hayes' ovation was a little less hilarious although it daunted him none. Both looked well-conditioned.

The first three rounds were of little consequence; one seemed to be waiting for the other to open up. Two of Hayes' luke-warm lefts found Peterson's nose but they only called forth his characteristic squint. The gallery seemed to be getting impatient; some were sitting well back in their seats; others wondering how long they would have to watch this "minuet."

It was the calm before the storm. Peterson seemed to realize that the Westerner was there for business and that if he wished a K. O., it was time to start in. He opened the fourth with a staggering right to the Westerner's jaw and followed up with body blows which kept Hayes on the ropes, and well-covered the entire round. The fifth and sixth were unquestionably Peterson's rounds, but Hayes stood the punishment well so that he made a successful rally in the seventh. Peterson seemed tired and the fast and clever foot work of his opponent confused him. He was slow in getting away from the clinches, and his face was intercepting some well aimed rights and lefts.

The remaining three rounds were see-saw affairs featuring rallies from both fighters. The tenth, found them both fighting hard for the desired K. O., but it did not come. Both were staggering a little when the gong sounded. Peterson won the decision.

Several radio stations had "mikes" at the ringside giving "blow by blow" service to the listeners. Some announcers spoke in Swedish so that all of Peterson's backers throughout the country might listen in.

Local fans are congratulating Donnelly on his card and hope that he may continue this high grade of boxing programs.

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ODD, INSTRUCTIVE, AND INTERESTING

ODD

If our orchestra were a symphony,
If we had a huge band,
If we could wear our overshoes inside,
If we didn't have Gen. Ex.,
If the study hall were quiet,
If the "Y" room were a sanctuary,
If the Y. M. were flourishing,
If the Varsity Club were prosperous,
If Dr. Brown didn't take our ten dollars,
If the new building were completed,
If there were no flunk list,
If we had unlimited cuts,
If we could have dates every night,
If there were no ten-thirty ruling,
If we could smoke on the campus,
In short, if we had no cause for complaint;
Odd it is, but still 'tis true,
This wouldn't be N. I. at all.

INSTRUCTIVE

Swen Jensen, Rockford archeologist, while recently excavating in southern Arizona unearthed two skulls an inch and a half thick. He sent them to his Alma Mater at Brock Highlands where they were entered with full standing.

It is estimated that Miss Catherine Neptune can hear a dime drop farther away than the ordinary person can hear a coal scuttle.

INTERESTING

Mr. Terwilliger had been greatly annoyed by an old friend of his family whom he had in one of his classes, because she continually called him "George."

One day she spoke up very loudly saying, "George, you haven't given me anything to do."

Everyone giggled. George waited until everyone was quiet, and then he said, "If any of the rest of you trundled me on your knee when I was but a babe, you can call me George, too."

Remember the

Rickard Club

Those were the days !

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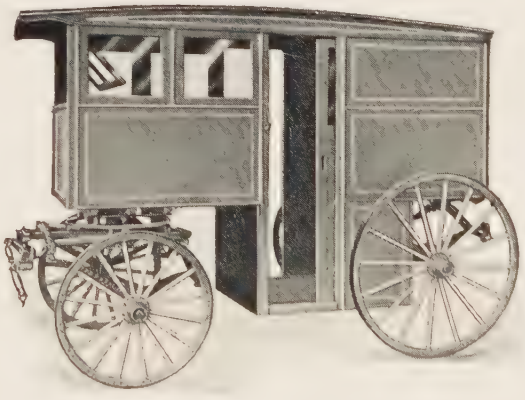

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THE INQUIRING REPORTER

QUESTION: What do you think is the reason for all the student suicides?

WHERE ASKED AND OF WHOM:

Newell Miller—at Goodyear's Bakery. "Well, I know of one at least who spent scads of jack and about six months trying to cure a bad case of halitosis—then he found out he was unpopular anyway. G-g-g-g-gosh, it was no wonder he took poison!"

Mr. Wright—at the Bell Restaurant (first stool). "I'm not well enough informed to make any definite statements, but no doubt a goodly number have bored themselves to death playing bridge." Further comment was cut off by the appearance of a big piece of pie placed before him by the red haired waitress.

Stuart Engstrand—at the Dormitory. "So many college folk aspire to be poets, and so many are miserable failures that perhaps the gas jet or a revolver seems to be the only way to evade this grim demon, Failure. Even the best of us feel that way once in a while. Why, even I, once or twice, while struggling with some stubborn jingle, would have used the revolver if I had had one."

Yes, Stuart, and if you had felt the least bit nervous about it we know where you could have received some willing assistance—and we don't mean with the poem either!

William Stillman—in the "Y" room. "I imagine that a good many of these people lived in the same houses with fellows who owned trombones. Now, I live in the same town with Max Larson and that is close enough, because when he starts it's enough to drive anyone to suicide."

We understand, Bill, but just be patient and you'll receive your reward in heaven. And Max, you'll get your—Oh well, we daren't become profane.

Melvin Eide—at the Rickard Club. "Suicide? Bunk! They probably all laughed themselves to death at guys like Brook Gill."

Permit us to keep our readers waiting for a few minutes while we wait for Roland Lundahl's opinion. We must not disturb him now for he is gazing into a pair of pretty brown eyes and such disturbances might lead to **murder!**

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When you come to the end of a perfect year, and graduation is just ahead, your preparation and your thots naturally turn to the jeweler, the clothier, etc.

We cannot expect you to want much in our line at such a time, but we do wish to assure you of our interest in your welfare. We hope for your Good Will in return.

E. E. EMBREE

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De Kalb, Illinois

DRAMA AND MOVIES AT THE PLAYHOUSES

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

E. C. Page in "Twelve Miles Out." Page will be remembered as the stellar figure in "The Old Soak", the play that enjoyed such a successful run here a year or so ago.

HAISH AUDITORIUM

Marguerite Pitstick, one of last year's best "finds" is featuring in the great play, "One Man's Woman" ? ? ? This youngster is said to have a normal temperature of 104½ degrees.

FINN HALL

In the new show that opened here last Sunday night, "The Jazz Singer," Miss Vera Wiswall plays opposite Kenneth Poulton. It is a sparkling drama featuring the excellent work of these two clever stars.

Next Week at the Movies

DeKalb Theatre

"Pope" Turner in "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp." This is a brand new film released recently by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the Coliseum in Kansas City, Missouri.

Princess Theatre

Who wouldn't see Perry Wood, that hard-hittin', straight shootin' star of FBO pictures, in his new thrill-a-minute show, "Yo ho, yo ho, I'm a Sailor"?

N. I. Auditorium

Don't miss Gen. Ex Friday! Mr. Phipps is presenting a stupendous two-reel educational film entitled, "The Activities of the Gypsy Moth in the California Peach Orchards." This film was secured from the University of Chicago through the efforts of Mr. Terwilliger.

(Note: Please leave by side doors.)

Floyd B. Still Edgar B. Still
Perrie C. Still

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David Copperfield:

"Too often the world's classics are interpreted and quoted from, only in a romantic sense; the solid lessons in them are usually not touched upon."

Poor Old Micawber. Always waiting for something to turn up; living from hand to mouth; besieged by creditors and thrown in the debtors prison. All because he would not SAVE.

Many people who do not SAVE are like David Copperfield's friend Micawber. Beneath their genial, carefree exterior is a haunting realization of their folly. Thus it was that Micawber advised Copperfield so eloquently to SAVE, even though he did not practice what he preached.

Micawber's Advice

"Annual income twenty pounds,
annual expenditure nineteen six;
result happiness.
Annual income twenty pounds,
annual expenditure twenty pounds
ought and six; result misery."

Does Micawber's advice apply in YOUR case?
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NOTICE TO CAB DRIVERS

Cab drivers will please refrain from injuring children on the campus. I have enough difficulties with the reputation of the school without having lives endangered on the campus.
J. S. Brown

ANYONE having worn out buggies, surreys, horses, white mules, or other rural equipment please phone 104.
E. Johnston

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW who it is that sends me invitations to Shafer Club parties.
K. Poulton

WANTED—Air, plenty of fresh, sweet country air. Will trade one case of New York State bronchitis.
Reinald Werrenrath

LOST—One of the "ray" sisters. If anyone has seen her wandering about the campus, please see me.
C. F. Phipps

PERSONALS

I am prepared to give free lectures on "Sidney."
S. Nelson

I am about to publish a book, "Why Girls Leave Me, or a Study of the Innermost Workings of the Female Mind."
T. Williams

Dr. Hayes and Prof. Peterson agreed once during the year. The subject upon which they agreed is unknown, for the reporter, when he heard the news, suffered a stroke and lost his memory for three weeks.

I am considering operating a bus line from DeKalb to Rock Falls and would like to know about volume of business. All prospective customers please see me.
M. Biehl

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Will be sold to you with greatest pleasure.
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Everyone jolly at Secor's works.

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Madeline D. Strain

SCIENCE

Mr. Terwilliger, the famous grafter, has succeeded in grafting a bean vine on to a cornstalk, thereby producing a succotash plant. Mr. Swinbank has allotted Mr. Terwilliger a small section of the north campus to grow his novel plant on a more extensive scale.

It is rumored that he is negotiating with the canning factory in DeKalb to try a few acres this spring.

Edwin Spacie, whose information on any science is practically unlimited, is now giving his vast store of knowledge to the world at a reasonable cost. His new book "Six Cylinder Science" is selling rapidly and more copies are being printed.

MUSIC

The Misses Mildred Haffron and Mae Brouillette gave a concert of piano solos and duets last Thursday evening at Orchestra Hall, Chicago. Critics have praised their work very highly but they experienced a little trouble with the duets. You see a piano is only so wide!

Miss Wiswall in her concerts on the air has given her listeners some fine programs over the radio.

She was swamped with telegraphic congratulations, and requests for "Ain't She Sweet" were quite in demand; so she willingly obliged, playing her own accompaniments on her Zules Zither.

Julien Peterson (our first editor), who was listening in, telegraphed from away off in Rock Island: "Coming in fine. Sing "To-morrow."

Now that spring is here we suppose that all the local swains will insist on serenading the dorm and the club houses. (We really should not put this under music).

At the last meeting of the Women's Club the ladies were highly entertained by a few flute solos from Mr. Wright. The numbers were well rendered and "put across" by the artist's forceful stage personality. Needless to say every member attended the meeting.

During the winter quarter Mr. Annas had "Cully" Anderson give a group of banjo solos at one of the men's meetings. Cully was hissed off the platform! ! ? ? Oh! ! ? ? ? !

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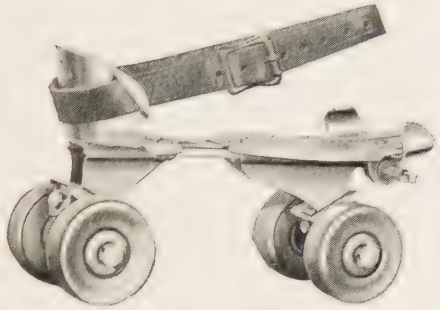

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RENTAL LIBRARY

HEALTH NOTES

Do not soak onions in listerine before frying. This deodorant should be taken internally after eating.

Dorm Girls Do Not Read This

Automobile riding, especially in the evening hours, is a healthful recreation, for the night is very embracing and conducive to quiet slumber afterwards.

Bunions are the products of inserting large feet in small shoes. Surgeons recommend the amputations of the offending extremities.

Breakfast should never be omitted even though Miss Whitman's first hour class is missed.

Dr. Brown says: It is no disgrace to be baldheaded. It merely gives one more face to wash.

MADAME MCKINESS' ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Due to the great numbers of letters I receive each day, I print here only a few typical ones, trusting that these answers will help in the other cases.

Dear Madame:

I am a very young girl, 18 years of age, in my second year at N. I. I have been keeping company with a man three years my senior. I love him with all my heart but my affections do not seem to be reciprocated. What can I do to win him?

M. P.

My dear M. P.:

Hush child, hush. You are too young to lose your heart to any man. Stay by your books, and the right man will come when you are of age.

Dear Madame:

I am considered a good student and as good looking a chap as there is at N. I. I have gone with several girls at the college during my two years here but never seemed to be able to date any of them more than once. I am becoming worried over my condition for I see myself doomed to a celibate life and my heart longs for a mate. Please advise me what to do.

D. H. P.

Dear Lad:

Do not be downhearted. Your handwriting shows you to be a man of character. Perhaps you are too reticent, and suffer from underdevelopment of your capacities for leadership. I suggest that you attend a school where you will have ample opportunity to develop these capacities to the limit.

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